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A JOURNAL OF  
LITERATURE AND ART.

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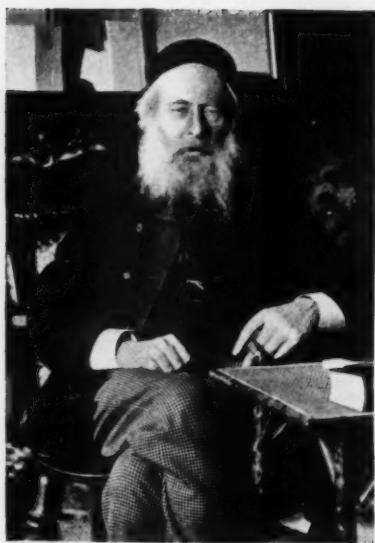
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*From a Photograph.*

ELI SOWERBUTTS.









## OUR GEOGRAPHER: A VIGNETTE.

By JOHN MORTIMER.

NOT long ago there was gathered together, in the rooms of the Manchester City Art Gallery, a collection of drawings and other materials illustrative of the life-work and teaching of John Ruskin. In one of its aspects it enabled the observer to trace chronologically, and as by a process of evolution, the growth and expression of the artistic spirit in the great art-critic. Placed first, as a starting point in a lengthened series of illustrations, was a map of France, delicately delineated, by the youthful draughtsman, at the age of ten. For the present writer that early bud of promise—the sole specimen of that particular form of art in the exhibition—had a peculiar attraction, so that he found himself, in frequent visits, going to it again and again, and now, when much that was there shown has faded from remembrance, that modest bit of cartography remains clear in the mental vision. Wherever else, there at least in the show one had personal and sympathetic touch with the artist. It awoke memories and carried one back to a time of similar efforts, when in the educational process, the “doing” of maps formed part of the geographical curriculum. Essentially an imitative art in which fidelity to the copy, with the exactness of latitude and longitude, was the sole requirement, it constituted, in the absence of mental strain, one of the pleasantest of school exercises, the while

it afforded unlimited play for the imagination and enlarged the area of the mental outlook. By such means, beginning with the British Isles, their coast lines, interior rivers, cities and towns, one became acquainted, in the further progress, with regions remote, with fixed continents and fluctuating tidal seas, and so to a gradual familiarity with the surface of the globe we inhabit; to be followed in due season by loftier astronomical flights, productive of dim revelations of the mysteries of the solar system.

In its further and wider study geography was found to possess a charm which belonged not to grammar or arithmetic. There was something more human in it, and with history it sympathetically divided the foremost place in one's scholastic predilections. So it happened that when, in the process of intellectual development, one afterwards became attached to a Mutual Improvement Society, the theme selected for an early essay was the influence of physical geography on the history and character of nations, drawn, in its inspiration and substance, from such illuminating sources as Guyot's "Earth and Man," and Buckle's "History of Civilization."

The "doing" of maps ended with one's schooldays, but the interest in them remains an abiding quantity, productive, under some conditions, of pleasures equal to those derivable from the more distinctively pictorial arts. We do not display them on the walls of our dwelling places, but in apartments educational, or those associated with commerce, they become fitting mural adornments. In that deserted old South Sea House, which Elia has described, it was of the genius of the place that there should be shown, on the oak wainscotting there, antiquated charts, with "dusty maps of Mexico dim as dreams, and soundings of the Bay of Panama!" In a general way we are content to possess our maps in the atlas form,

but more tenderly associated with personal use and wont are those detached ones, mainly of the ordnance kind, with thin red lines traced on their surfaces, the added delineations of happy holiday explorations. Of such, in my possession are some which I have inherited from dear old Erasmus, now gone to his rest, my companion in many wanderings. When I look upon them these mute memorials become eloquent and interfused with a pathos deep and incommunicable.

Of all the men I have known, the most passionate lover of maps, and of the larger geography of which they are the elementary outlines, was my friend Eli Sowerbutts. Of the beginnings of that affection I have no knowledge, but throughout a life which extended to three score years and ten it grew and strengthened, to the gradual abandonment of all other pursuits, including even those of the business kind, and to the forfeiture or fore going of all emoluments derivable from such sources. One has heard of him as being in his early years associated with printing, of the letterpress kind, and one knew him in some conditions of secretarial work, and, vaguely, as an accountant; but the realisation of his ideal, the purpose of his life, seemed to be attained when, having helped to found a geographical society in our city, he became, as secretary, its guiding and controlling spirit, well content for such slender salary as could be afforded from its finances, to labour in the furtherance of its fortunes with a devotion that rose superior to monetary rewards. During the twenty years of his attachment to the society of his adoption, that being the length of its existence to the present time, his enthusiasm for it knew no diminution but rather increased with the advancing years. Past middle life when he took upon himself this labour of love, he grew grey in the service, until at the close, shaggy-

bearded and with bowed back he seemed, like Atlas, to carry the world on his shoulders. Nor is such a resemblance entirely a figure of speech, for geography with him was limited only with the limitations of all forms of life and matter on the globe. To say that he surveyed mankind from China to Peru was to understate the case. There seemed literally nothing which could not be found in some way to have for him a geographical connection. In my modest capacity as author he surprised me once by pressing into the service of his society a description I had written of the manufacture of lace curtains in Nottingham, declaring the subject suitable in spite of all protestations. His was in truth a geography of the universal kind, of which your physical, mathematical and political divisions were but broad generalities. One was inclined to think, too, that it was this all-pervading universalism which had begot in him an equivalent optimism which he displayed, a buoyancy and hopefulness of nature, and that it was perhaps accountable also for an unswerving Radicalism in politics.

To promote the study of geography, to inculcate in others the love for it which he shared,—in the doing of these things he spared no pains. He was in the place he desired most when, with an audience to the fore and a map spread out behind him, or better still with lantern illustrations to hand, he essayed to discourse to his hearers on lands remote, and especially of new discoveries. At such times he was wont to pour out his knowledge from sources which seemed inexhaustible. In his official capacity he became acquainted with many of the most distinguished travellers and explorers of modern times, bringing them, too, as by some magnetic power, from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, to increase the knowledge and happiness of members

of his society. Some of these events were of the red-letter kind, as when he brought Nansen, fresh from his Arctic discoveries, to tell the story of his voyaging to an audience which crowded the Free Trade Hall to its utmost capacity. The ease and freedom with which our friend adapted himself to the society of the celebrities with whom he came in contact was characteristic, associated as it was with a marked indifference, on his part, to personal appearances. It may be further said of him that he displayed a diligence in his own pursuits which enabled him to stand unconcerned before princes, and, indeed, when he had passed away, among those who expressed regret at his loss was a prince of the Royal House.

During thirty years, and to the time of his death he was a member of the Manchester Literary Club, but his literary efforts bore always in the direction of the ruling passion, and in later years were exercised for the most part in conducting the journal of his own Geographical Society.

In the Literary Club Transactions he has not left many records, but they are representative. In the first volume we read that on an early date in 1875, "Mr. Eli Sowerbutts read a paper on African discovery in relation to ancient and modern maps, illustrating the same by a large collection of maps and charts from the very earliest to the present time, and some of which were extremely rare." Later he is found reading a paper on Lincolnshire, "in which he described its geographical and physical features, its natural history, ecclesiastical remains, churches, folk lore and dialect, and gave an outline of its history." Then again the theme is "Emin Bey, and the Central Soudan," to be followed, after a long pause, by a paper on "Berne and Shrewsbury," in which there is traced a curious resemblance between the two towns.

Though his attachment continued to the end our Geographer was not of late so much in evidence at the Club as in the old "Mitre" days. Occasionally, however, he might be seen seated at the long table, sipping his coffee, and growing dustier with the ashes of the inevitable cigar. He smoked much, and was doubtless a connoisseur in that particular kind of tobacco. Perhaps it was mythical, but a story went about that in thanking a noble marquis for some hospital attentions, he frankly told his lordship that he didn't think much of his cigars.

Ever of a cheerful temperament, he maintained his spirit of hopefulness to the end. Physical affliction came upon him with oft-repeated blows, but he bore them bravely, and, as far as one knew, without complaint. His name disappears from the register of our living members, but not his memory. One would fain believe that our Geographer has passed from the scene of his restless researches here to a wider sphere of investigation.

Our feet are in the paths we know,  
But his in undiscovered lands.





## WORDSWORTH AS "NATURE'S PRIEST."

By WALTER BUTTERWORTH.

A PASSAGE in one of Wordsworth's prefaces opens a train of reflection upon his habit of regarding nature as animate. He says: "What I should most value in my attempts, namely, the spirituality with which I have endeavoured to invest the material universe and the moral relations under which I have wished to exhibit its most ordinary appearances."

It is not merely that he regards external nature as a manifestation of the Creator, as when he sings:—

The Being that is in the clouds and air,  
That is in the green leaves among the groves,  
Maintains a deep and reverential care.

He appears to go further, and to express his faith that all the phenomena of the universe have a conscious and spiritual existence. Is this to be taken literally or is it a case of poetic fantasy? The question is interesting, and is of importance for the sympathetic understanding of Wordsworth. Many critics have discussed it and have arrived at widely varying conclusions. Some hold that the poet differed little from the ancients in imagining a tutelary deity for every element; others that he was a Pantheist, finding God head immanent in all things; or that he regarded nature as the embodiment of Deity, so that through all created things we may learn somewhat

of the attributes of God. All agree that he looked to nature for balm and sweet influence and elevation of spirit.

Let us try to disengage from clashing opinions something of his teaching. Mr. John Morley says, in his decisive and trenchant way: "It is best to be entirely sceptical as to the existence of system and ordered philosophy in Wordsworth. When he tells us that

One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can!

such a proposition cannot be seriously taken as more than a half-playful sally for the benefit of some too bookish friend. No impulse from a vernal wood can teach us anything at all of moral evil and of good. When he says that it is his faith

That every flower enjoys the air it breathes,

and that when the budding twigs spread out their fan to catch the air, he is compelled to think that 'there was pleasure there.' He expresses a charming poetic fancy and no more, and it is idle to pretend to see in it the fountain of a system of philosophy."

Perhaps Mr. Morley is wide of the mark when he associates the poet's sayings with "system and ordered philosophy." It is hardly the work of a poet to build up a system of philosophy. "Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," says Wordsworth, and he delights in considering the subtle and obscure in our unexplained nature—the finer spirit of knowledge,—leaving the scientific philosopher to systematise.



The poet knows that there are many things in heaven and earth not to be tabulated or put in the pigeon-holes of a system.

The rounded world is fair to see,  
 Nine times folded in mystery;  
 Though baffled seers cannot impart  
 The secret of its labouring heart.

To recognise only that which is logically demonstrable is to grope purblind in a beautiful and mysterious world. The poet feels within himself instincts, intuitions, infinitely delicate sensations and affinities with the world about him, for which language is too gross a means of expression. Yet he craves to express his faith and the hope that is in him. If he cannot demonstrate he can proclaim what he feels and believes. He is wont, with William Blake,

To see a world in a grain of sand,  
 And a heaven in a wild flower,  
 Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,  
 And eternity in an hour.

As Leslie Stephen remarked, "the task of deducing the philosophy from the poetry, of inferring what a man thinks from what he feels, may at times perplex the acutest critic."

When Wordsworth looks upon a dancing brook he imagines that it enjoys an existence manifested otherwise than in us:—

It seems the Eternal Soul is clothed in thee  
 With purer robes than those of flesh and blood,  
 And hath bestowed on thee a safer good;  
 Unwearied joy, and life without its cares.

In another passage he declares:—

To every natural form, rock, fruits or flower,  
Even the loose stones that cover the highway,  
I gave a moral life; I saw them feel,  
Or linked them to some feeling; the great mass  
Lay bedded in a quickening soul, and all  
That I beheld respired with inward meaning.

To the plain man this is sufficiently ambiguous. He may bluntly ask, does the poet believe there is life in stocks and stones? Or is he playing with his imagination, transferring what passes within himself to the objects about him? Is he describing, analysing, interpreting the sensations which external nature excites within him? Apparently when in a state of high excitement he did transfer his emotions to the forces of nature—not by poetical licence, but in sober earnest. He was wrought upon by the mystery, the wonder, the beauty of the universe. Man, beast, plant, stone; the mountains, rivers and lakes; the clouds and the stars in their courses—all seemed to exist and to subtly shed their influence. The mystery of being enveloped all; intangible laws bound all together; untraced processes of interaction correlated phenomena apparently "far as the poles asunder." In this transcendental mood he is closely akin to Emerson, who declared: "We see the world piece by piece, as the sun, the moon, the animal, the tree; but the whole, of which these are the shining parts, is the soul."

Wordsworth was incessantly intent upon "the ghostly language of the ancient earth," feeling between it and man these undefined affinities. From early days he appealed to the

Wisdom and spirit of the universe!  
Thou soul, that art the eternity of thought.

There is so much unexplained in man; so many cravings, vague impulses, sensations full of mystery as to their origin and significance. Are they totally unconnected with the life about him—with the universe of which he forms a part? Are they not a tiny portion of the vast mystery which enwraps the world, as the atmosphere enwraps the earth?

Milton peopled the earth with angelic beings, ministers to God's beneficent will:—

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.

Edmund Spencer, too, had imagined legions of "blessed angels":—

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,  
To come to succour us that succour want!  
How oft do they with golden pineons cleave  
The flitting skyes, like flying pursuivant,  
Against fowle fiendes to ayd as militant!  
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,  
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;  
And all for love, and nothing for reward,  
O! why should heavenly God to men have such regard?

Wordsworth more subtly looked upon all created things as the reflection, the manifestation of God; they share with us the inscrutable and unprobed wonder of existence; they are attuned to our essential nature; they shed sweet and healing influence upon us; they help to "build up our moral being," to use a favourite phrase of his.

His was an abiding love of nature, sincerely felt, sincerely trusted and sincerely taught. Nature was to him a living influence. It was his faith that much was to be learned and much consolation derived from communion with her

quiet presences. They inspired his grave and austere muse and lifted him to heights of impassioned contemplation without parallel in our nature-poetry.

He had nothing in common with the spasmodic admirer of the country, who visits it in fair weather and falls into raptures over picturesque beauties. His was a steady, enduring love, an instinct and necessity of his temperament. When a boy he half-unconsciously drank in devotion to the sweet country in which he was bred. As a youth, in "the fair seed-time of his soul" (when "the sounding cataract haunted him like a passion"), the veil was lifted for him and he was permitted to see the splendour and beauty of the world as it may only be seen in the hey-day of youth, when there is a freshness of the maturing faculties and life is on the tip-toe of expectation, eagerly discovering the world.

The ever living universe

Turn where I might, was opening out its glories.

In manhood he early resolved to

Flee fro the prees to dwelle with sothfastnesse,

and until the end he abode in quiet contemplation of the ordered processes of Nature. This life brought him peace, tranquility, consolation, and afforded him the opportunity to mature and carry out his life's work.

To no poet can Wordsworth's own phrase "Nature's Priest" be so justly applied as to him. Believing that "every poet is a teacher," he taught the healing, chastening, power of Nature with religious fervour. He held, "Nature is loved by what is best in us." Once more it was "a return to nature" in literature. But different from all previous returns. This was no conventional view of the country, observed from without, a mere background

for the insipid love-making of shepherds and shepherdesses. Even Chaucer's delight in the fresh miracles of spring-tide was that of a spectator, sensitive and tender. Spenser, delicately susceptible to all lovely things, yet treated nature conventionally for the purposes of his golden age and his fairy region. Shakespeare himself regarded it in his opulent way as a glorious pageant, inflaming the soul of the poet. After the artificiality of Pope and the later Pastoral, so unreal in conception and sentiment, came genuine nature-lovers—Cowper, Burns and the rest. Thomson is open to the reproach which Wordsworth less justly levelled at Scott, that he was wont to make an inventory of the beauties of the country. But, with occasional exceptions there had been before Wordsworth little intimate communion with nature in English poetry. "In the spirit of religious love he walked with nature." Much of his poetry is a record of simple experiences, occasionally gaining intensity and beauty as his thought is "steeped in feeling." He himself describes with precision his method: "Poetry takes its origin in emotion recollected in tranquillity; the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of reaction, the tranquillity disappears and an emotion kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation is gradually produced and does itself actually exist in the mind."

Doubtless it was in such a mood that he wrote his "Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey," which are his confession of faith in the ennobling influence of Nature.

For I have learned  
To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity,  
Not harsh nor grating, though of ample power

To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
 Of something far more deeply interfused,  
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
 And the round ocean and the living air,  
 And the blue sky and the mind of man;  
 A motion and a spirit, that impels  
 All thinking things, all objects and all thought,  
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still  
 A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
 And mountains; and of all that we behold  
 From this green earth; of all the mighty world  
 Of eye and ear,—both what they half create,  
 And what perceive, well pleased to recognise  
 In Nature and the language of the sense,  
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
 Of all my moral being.

Mr. Raleigh, in his thoughtful monograph upon Wordsworth, opines that if a poet comes in close and frequent contact with the world of busy men, he misses his vocation. "If he lives too intimately with men, learning their language and trafficking with them in their places of business, he ends by having nothing to tell them."

This is sweeping. What about Chaucer? Had he nothing to tell us? Was he not full of good things, ever delightful as he told of men and touched the springs of their thought and action? And this largely because he rubbed shoulders with all sorts and conditions of men.

To reduce poets or poetry to a formula is always a perilous experiment. They vary like Nature herself. Spenser was a poet whose spirit dwelt much in fairy-land. His imaginings make

The heart

Beat high and fill the fancy with fair forms.

Chaucer was not less truly a poet from holding constant intercourse with the world of business, of diplomacy, of the court. He fulfilled Wordsworth's ideal of "a man speaking to men"; the more intimate he was with his fellowmen, the more he had to tell them and the more his writings glowed with geniality, humour, and the sympathy of kinship.

Wordsworth, both as man and poet, was from a very different mould. He kept himself remote from "the din of towns and cities," the "stir unprofitable and the fever of the world." He studied man not in crowded streets but as wrought upon by nature. He habitually held intercourse

Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,  
But with high objects, with enduring things,  
With life and nature.

Keeping aloof from the toil and sweat of town-life—the life of office and workshop, dock and market, engine and furnace,—he looked on these things from his distant mountain-home and deemed them petty and pitiable.

The world is too much with us, late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

This freedom from the mesh of worries and occupations and daily tasks which are the common lot; this remoteness from the enormous mass of detail that steals the hours from us, had an important bearing on his work. He strode across the hills, communed with the clouds, watched the

quiet movements of air and water, of trembling leaf and pushing blade of grass. As Mr. Raleigh says, with great delicacy: "He had acquired an art like that of the naturalist, the art of remaining perfectly motionless until the wild and timid creatures of his mind came about him." He studied every mood, every change, every phase of the sweet world about him, and of the world within himself. And by this brooding cogitation, in the solitude of hill and lake and over-arching sky, he attained to knowledge of the general heart of man, in the sense that man is the microcosm.

But he cut himself off from one half of life by his solitary ways. Probably his dislike of cities was largely instinctive—a matter of temperament. With him the country stood for purity; the town for squalor and ignoble life. "Heaven and Hell," he said, "are scarcely more different from each other than Sheffield and Manchester, etc., differ from the plains and valleys of Surrey, Essex, Cumberland, and Westmoreland."

From many phases of existence he turned with distaste, want of understanding, and of sympathy. He had but slight perception of the poetry which is ever latent in life, even in the foul-aired slums that so painfully deface our modern civilization.

It is obvious that life in all its aspects is of absorbing interest, and is open to poetic treatment and interpretation. In whatever form and surroundings it manifests the same eternal energy, is shrouded in mystery, suggests the unanswerable questions: whence? whither? "rests on the same foundation of wonder."

"We talk of deviations from natural life as if artificial life were not also natural," said Emerson; and again: "We may easily hear too much of rural influences." Man is as interesting and as essentially related to the eternal



## WORDSWORTH AS "NATURE'S PRIEST" 17

verities when he goes about his business in dingy streets, in stuffy offices, under a canopy of smoke, or amid the rattle of machinery, as he is when quietly labouring among the lonely hills. He is equally matter for speculation whether in Piccadilly Circus or the Vale of Grasmere; whether in a glittering music-hall or in some wayside chapel.

Wordsworth ordered his life and accomplished his great work in accordance with his nature.

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie:  
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,  
The silence that is in the starry sky,  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

To him it appeared that the villages by the running waters, the farms, the huts where poor men lie, furnished the happy mean of life; for sociable intercourse was possible and nature's chastening influence was ever at work. He seemed not to perceive that to analyse the life of the country-cottage is often to discover stupidity and corruption. Similarly in his enthusiasm and conviction as to the beautiful world and its power to heal and console, to refine and elevate, he paid scant attention to "Nature red in tooth and claw," the throes and carnage and huge destruction through which she works so enigmatically, "the world of plunder and pillage."

He gazed upon the universe through the emotions of awe and reverence; he lived "by admiration, hope and love"; he exulted in the Divine Harmony and in the profound conviction that

Earth's crammed with Heaven,  
And every common bush afire with God.



## ARAN OF THE SAINTS.

By ARTHUR W. FOX.

THE "South Isles of Aran" lie from the north-west to the south-east across Galway Bay, a little nearer to the coast of Clare than to that of Galway. A small steamer plies between them and the mainland three days a week, if the weather be not too rough. As the storms of the mighty Atlantic break upon the islands with considerable frequency and fierce fury, the unsuspecting visitor may often be forced to wait several days for a suitable opportunity to depart. The Captain of the vessel is a native of the "South Island" and is endowed with a kind if choleric temper. It is the habit of the ship to stand out opposite to each of the more southerly islands in turn to take in or deliver cargo. The men on the beach must keep their eyes open, and be always ready to row out in their *coraghs* or canoes to the ship. These islands have no quays and the Captain will not wait more than a few minutes at each. On the present occasion one or at most two *coraghs* came alongside from the South Island. When the steamer was well on her way, a third was seen in the distance, the crew of which violently waved their hands and hats and set themselves the vain task of shouting against the hoarse breakers. The Captain was obdurate. When he was asked what they would do, he replied with much testiness, "Let thim go to pat; it'll teach thim to be in time another time." The questioner subsided, though he was not quite

convinced of the return of the unfortunates, if they really did "go to pat," as had been suggested; since "pat" is supposed to be an euphemism for a place from which return-tickets are not issued.

The aforesaid coraghs are comparatively shallow canoes built up of canvas on a mere framework and lined with a slender coating of matchwood. Hence they are subject to sudden accidents, though on the whole they form a safe means of passage between the islands. The Assistant Inspector of Schools once was visiting Aran in a professional capacity, when his coragh struck upon a small sharp rock just as he was about to land; consequently a hole was made and water began to flow in fast. "We'll be done for now," he said to the crew. "Not at all, yer honour," answered one of them in his musical brogue. "Sure an' we'll be all right in a minute or two." Then he took a pot of pitch from some hidden place and a gathering-peat from another. This he proceeded to blow into a fine red heat, by the help of which he melted the pitch. But he had no patch. Such a want did not disconcert his inventive genius. He forthwith sliced off his shirt-lap and completed his boat-mending, thus the Inspector was able to go about his work, as if nothing had happened.

The Isles are named Inisheer or South Island, Inismaan or Middle Island, and Inismore or Great Island, with the last of which these pages are wholly concerned. Its extreme length is about ten miles, while its breadth is at most three miles. Nine-tenths of its land is made up of plateaus of limestone more or less rugged with strips of rich green herbage, on which cattle are well content to browse. The remaining tenth on what may be called the north shore is in the main well cultivated and slopes gradually down to the shore of Galway Bay. The coast fronting the Atlantic is a line of upright limestone cliffs

worn into caverns and terraces, and contains "puffing holes," through which the water is forced to a great height at certain periods of the tide. Near the village of Gortnagappul, amid the smooth rocks by the sea, is an oblong hole about forty feet deep, which has a hidden outlet to the sea. It is called the Worm Hole; at half-tide a curious and terrible whirlpool is formed by the meeting of the waters. Many years ago one of the O'Flaherties, who then were great in the land, owing a grudge to a French officer staying in the island, challenged him to dive into this deep hole. He accepted the challenge and was never seen again. His sword remains an heir-loom in the house of the last of the great clan. Barren as these rocks are for the most part, their deep clefts teem with true maiden-hair and sea spleenwort. The green patches are bright with vividly blue gentians, or white with a rare chickweed (*Cerastium arvense*, var. *Andrewsii*), while here and there blooms one of the vetches (*Vicia laevigata*), which is said to have vanished from the British flora.

Inismore or Aranmore has a good pier perhaps some yards too short, jutting out at Kilronan into Killeany Bay, which forms a safely sheltered haven. Here the lagest, though not the oldest, village in the island has gradually grown. This hamlet is picturesquely situated on one side of the pretty bay and contains the Atlantic Hotel, whose name is more imposing than its accommodation, which, however, is quite sufficient and has an agreeable flavour of prolonged picnic about it. Here, too are the Post-office, the resident doctor, the Coastguard Station, the Court-house, where Sessions are held once a month, several inns, the Protestant and Catholic Churches, the latter not finished, and many other buildings, which call for no description. In the centre of that part of the village near the sea stands a handsome modern cross set up

in memory of a faithful Parish Priest, the steps of which afford a lounge for many of the villagers. The fisheries instituted by the Congested Districts' Board have been a godsend to the islanders. They have their headquarters at Kilronan, where the fine fleet of Scotch fishing boats can anchor safely in the beautiful bay. There is a boat-building shed, which employs a fair number of men, and where boats are constructed for the Donegal fisheries. About seventeen hundred inhabitants find a scanty subsistence on the three islands. They are a simple and kindly folk of an almost pure Celtic descent, save for a dash of the blood of the Cromwellian garrison, which was once stationed at Ardkyn Castle near Killeany. The older people and many of the children wear *pampooties*, which are made of undressed cow-hide. When a cow is killed, a part of its skin is cut into a shape a little larger than the foot of the future wearer. The piece is then gathered up into a sort of sandal or shoe and is worn until time and stress make it of no further use. In answer to a "Good morning," the people usually say "Good morning kindly." The bulk of them speak Erse with far greater ease than English, while a few know no other tongue.

One of the most touching sights is a funeral. There are only two regular graveyards in the isle and these are fully seven miles apart. So rocky is the rest of the surface that it will not admit of digging. Though here and there are found comparatively modern gravestones set up in what seems to be a limestone plateau. On Ascension Day under a gray sky veiled by wind-swept clouds a pathetic procession passed down the road to the sandy burial ground of Killeany. It was a village funeral: a cart headed the group drawn at a quick walk by a brown horse. On it was a deal coffin, so plain as to tell of the poverty of the mourners, which held the body of a young man of no more

than two and twenty. Seated on the coffin were the mother and the wife, and on one side of the cart the two sisters. None of the procession wore any distinctive sign of mourning. The women had their plaids and the older ones their white caps underneath these. Red was the prevailing colour mingled with white. Behind walked a motley throng of peasants and fisher-folk. Young girls doubtless sad enough at heart, yet with a coy consciousness of their own good looks, older women murmuring to one another in their musical mother-tongue, sturdy men, most of them in shirt-sleeves or in sleeved waistcoats, and wearing wideawake hats or Tam O'Shanters, moved swiftly along. Their sun-browned faces told of exposure to the weather and continual toil. Many children, too, had joined the procession of their own will, or because their parents were there. There was no outward show of grief, yet the sorrow was no less sincere. They were reverent and devout, not indeed without a keen eye to worldly matters. In their quiet lives a funeral was a great event. The Mass said at the house would be accompanied by the sobs and wails of the chief mourners. The walk to the graveyard had its own interest and served as an opportunity for low-toned talk. The digging of the grave at Killeany would be watched amid the tears and mourning of the women. When the body was laid to rest, the heart-breaking keen would sound to the moaning of the sea. The little throng would return home; a humble feast would be held at the house, where at least there would be a mouthful of whiskey. There would be a collection for the priest to say Masses for the soul of the one gone onward. So "the dust returned to the dust, as it was, but the spirit to God, Who gave it."

As has been said, the islanders are a simple and sincere folk, whose belief in fairies remains unshaken by

education or anything else. The older people can tell wondrous tales of bygone ages, while none of them would sleep with an open window, not from any fear of draughts, but of "the good people," who love to go about by night and who may work mischief. There is but little crime in Aran. The Court-house is a primitive building divided into two parts by a dirty railing, behind which are the magistrate seated at his table, the clerk, the district inspector and five constables, one or other of whom conducts the prosecution. The defendants stand in a line at the back of the Court supporting their bad cases and their tired backs against the wall. The smoke of the struggling fire is too timid to climb the chimney, but finds a more congenial outlet by the door. The more usual cases are the trespass of pigs upon the high road. One luckless culprit, when he was bidden to look after his unruly stock better, put the following searching question to the magistrate: "What would I be doin' lookin' afther thim, yer worship, whin I wasn't wid thim?" Not being able to find a satisfactory answer the magistrate tartly rejoined, "Don't talk nonsense; fined 6d. and costs."

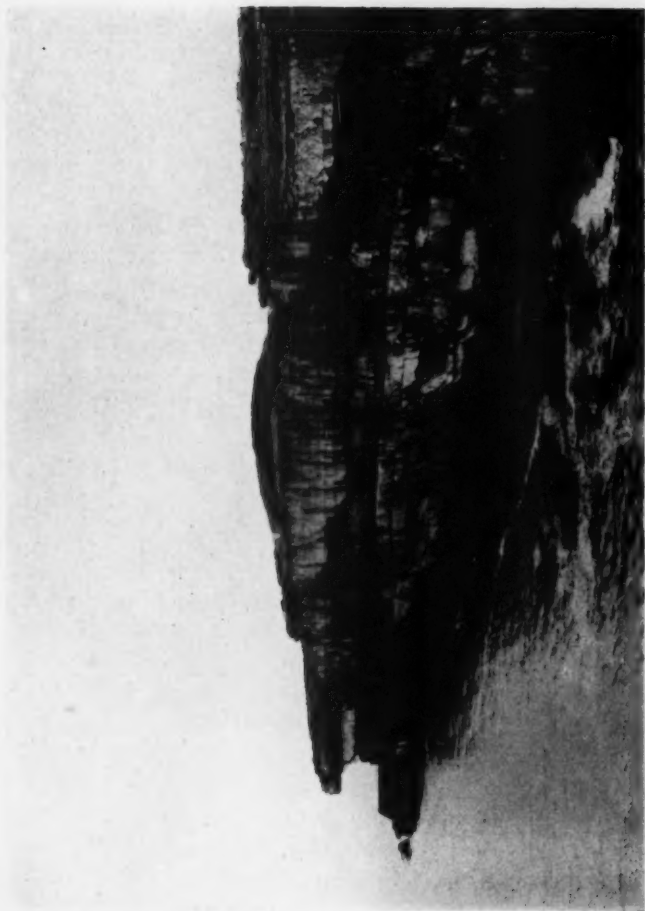
The Court-crier was a curious specimen of mankind. His garments were of so many colours and kinds as to leave the original material doubtful. He would go out into the street and call defendants who were not there, as he very well knew. Whereupon he would come back with his eyes almost vanishing into their sockets, while a look of innocent surprise overspread his face, as he said, "He's not there, your worship.". But the people are too quiet for the most part to trouble the Court much. Some had no licences for their dogs, one was drunk and disorderly, while one was "drunk and quiet," who escaped with a caution. There was to have been a potheen-case. A man was caught on the high road trundling an empty keg in

front of him. One of the police, whose scent for potheen is said to be as keen as that of a sleuth-hound for another fluid, met him, and at once detected by the smell that the "keg had recently contained spirits." So the victim would be heavily fined on the evidence of the fragrance of illicit if recently evaporated whiskey. Such are some of the salient features of the people of Aran: simple, kindly and courteous for the most part, they are fond of strangers, whom they warmly welcome to their wild scenery and remarkable ruins.

Small and insignificant as these islands are to-day, they contain more ancient monuments, pagan and early Christian, than perhaps any other spot in Europe. Of these something must be said, as their interest is great to the archæologist. Aran is generally supposed to have been the last home of the Celtic Firbolgs after the great battle of Southern Moytura. The dates of Irish tradition are too extravagant for sober scientific historians. It is confidently asserted, that the great forts in Inismore date from 1500 B.C., but the confidence is hardly warranted by the style of their architecture. At a little more than two miles from the south-eastern point of Aranmore is a long, narrow limestone peninsula, bounded on either side by wave-worn caverns, wherein the great deep booms its thunder-notes, when the sea has only a gentle swell upon its dark surface. Across this neck of smooth rock in part covered with grass is a huge crescent-shaped wall with an axis of 220 feet. The rampart is made of three great walls set one against the other, the outside height of which is about 18 feet. The walls inside descend amphitheatre-wise, to each tier of which are flights of steps. The total thickness of the three is 15 feet. There is a door at the eastern end of the fort, while within the enclosure are the remains of cloghauns or stone-roofed dwellings, and along the

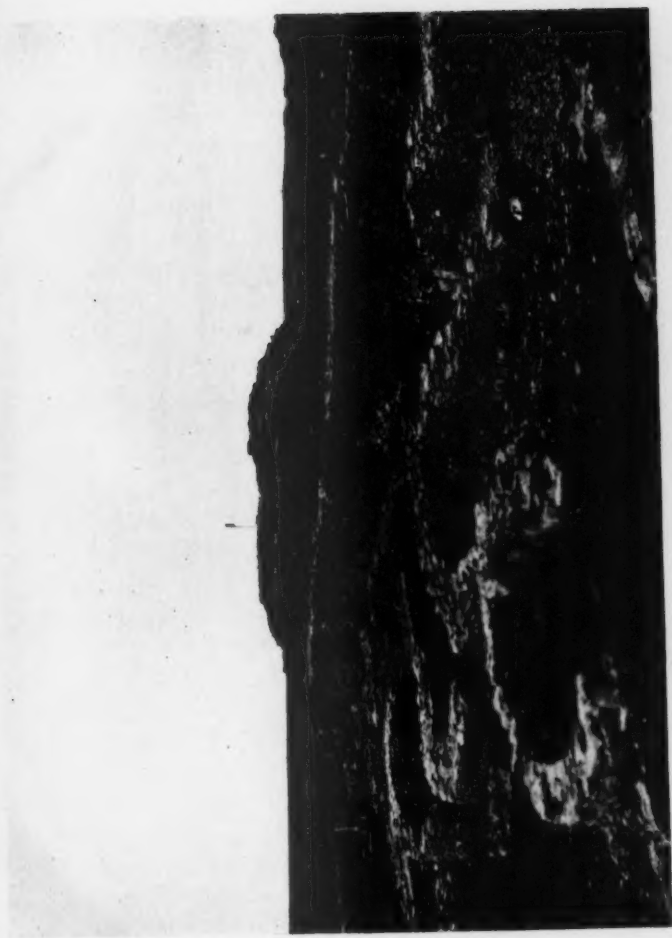






*From a Photograph by Geo. Higginbottom.*

**THE BLACK FORT.**



*From a Photograph by Geo. Hignbottom.*

THE BLACK FORT : INTERIOR.



peninsula are many ruins of similar buildings. A secret chamber in part blocked up is made in the thickest portion of the wall. This venerable fortress is further fenced on the outside by broken pieces of rock set up in the clefts of the plateau and forming a rude *chevaux-de-frise*. The whole structure is appropriately named the Black Fort or Doo Caher. It is certainly the most ancient of its kind on the islands and may date from 500 B.C.

The situation is most impressive: the precipitous coastline of County Clare extends to the south-east with its cliffs towering to the height of eleven hundred feet. The Middle Island seems no further off than a stone's-throw, while to the south and west sways the open Atlantic Ocean, tossing and tumbling against the echoing crags and eating out deep-booming caverns. On the land-side all is desolation; terraces of rugged limestone descend one after another to the coast of Killeany Bay; the herbage is so scanty, that it scarcely tinges the gray rock, save within the enclosure of the fort, while not a tree is to be seen. The chieftain of old and his clan, who occupied such a stronghold during the stress of winter-storms must indeed have been men of dauntless courage. Probably in their day the island was covered with woodland, from which they could win much of their food by hunting. Now it is "all desolate and bare," haunted by the shrilling shrieks of the sea-mew and the undying memories of heroes and saints.

About the first century of the Christian era tradition tells of the defeat of the Firbolg race. Three brothers, Ængus, Conor and Mil, with their followers, were gradually driven westward, finding no rest for the sole of their foot, until Meave, Queen of Connaught, gave them the Isles of Aran as a refuge. Here they are said to have built three great forts, two of which remain and preserve the names of two of the brothers. Dun Conor, in solemn

magnificence dominates the Middle Island, while Dun Ængus stands in lonely majesty on almost the highest point of the northern part of Inismore. Once the cashel of Mil surrounded the ancient church of St. Colman McDuagh, but it has now entirely disappeared. Possibly Kilmurvey Lodge, for years the seat of the O'Flaherties, may in part have been built of its stones. How long the three chieftains occupied their cashels is not known. It is said that the Celtic pagans fled at the approach of the Christian monks of the fourth and fifth centuries. Their names remain to tell of their heroic struggle with advancing civilisation nearly nineteen centuries ago.

Three miles along the coast northward from the Black Fort on an obtuse-angled precipice with a sheer height of 280 feet stands Dun Ængus, the sublime grandeur of which cannot easily be conveyed in words. The inner keep is horseshoe-shaped, the ends of its huge walls lying severally on the edges of perpendicular cliffs. The sea-line between these is almost straight and extends 140 feet, from which to the inner wall the greatest length is 150 feet. Within this expanse is a grassy carpet ending in a plateau of rock almost as smooth as if hewn. The door is at the eastern end and is 5 feet in height by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet wide. On each side of this single entrance are traces of an additional defence in the shape of a projection in the rampart. As in most cashels of this kind, the wall is threefold, arranged in terraces with flights of steps to each, and built of mighty stones filled in with rubble. The outside height is 20 feet, while the total thickness is not far short of 16 feet. The cloghauns have all gone, but a portion is left of the usual chamber in the rampart. Outside the Keep is a double wall from 6 to 8 feet thick with an inside height of 7 and an outside height of 10 feet, which also ends at the cliff and has a sea-frontage of 378 feet. There

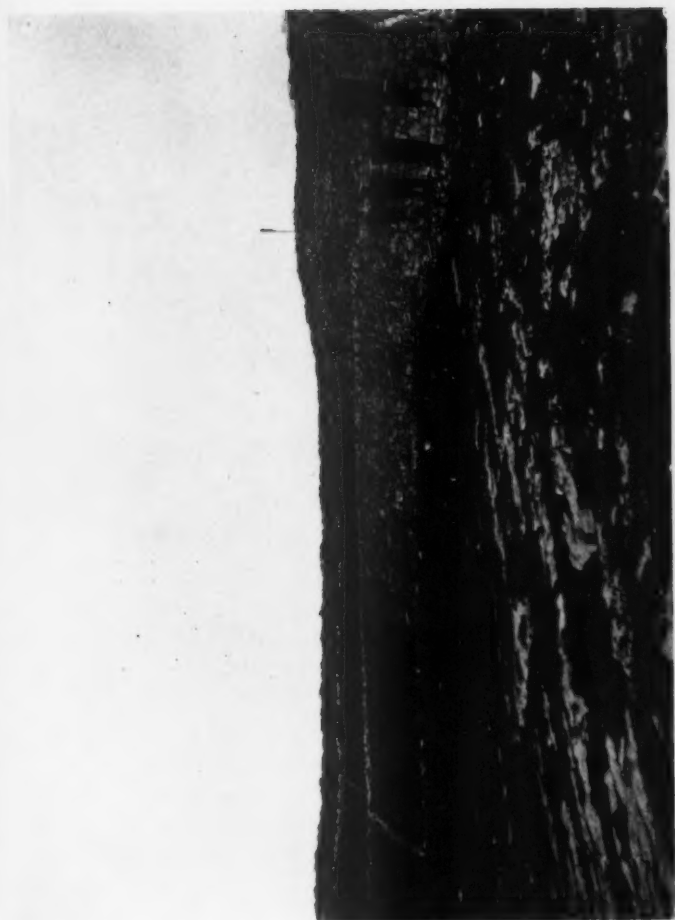




*From a Photograph by Geo. Higginbottom.*

DUN AENGUS.





DUN AENGUS : INTERIOR.

*From a Photograph by Geo. Higginbottom.*



are at present three entrances in this covering wall, one alone of which seems original, and which nearly faces the door of the Keep. Beyond is a comparatively low double rampart with a sea-frontage of 1,160 feet, in the formation of which an opportune bend in the cliff has been used with consummate skill. As an additional protection to the middle rampart are two strong bulwarks, one of which has been especially set to cover the possible weakness of the north-western side of the fort. Here for some distance from the middle rampart stretches an elaborately planned *chevaux-de-frise*. The long upright pieces of jagged rock are set so firmly and so close to one another as to be quite enough to break the ranks of any attacking army. The space enclosed by the outer wall may be about 30 acres, a circumstance which seems to show that a great tribe lived here keeping large herds of cattle and living in many cloghauns.

The sublimity of Dun Ængus and its surroundings is not easily conveyed to such as have not seen them. The cliff on which it is built in part overhangs the boisterous waves, which break upon its caverned breast flinging clouds of spray to a height of more than fifty feet. Beneath lies the Atlantic of a delicate silvery blue with the dark cliff-line of Inismore and the pearly-tinted coast of Clare melting into the southern horizon. Behind is the iron-bound, desolate land of Aran looming darkly against the blue depths of Galway Bay with the mountains of Connemara cutting the distant sky. Here and there heaves in sight the dun-red sail of a fishing-smack; now a starling utters its low shrill whistle, while numbers of red-legged and red-billed Cornish choughs give forth their piercing croak, as though in envy of the cheerful matin-songs of many skylarks. Blue gentians, dog violets, sea spleenwort, bird's-foot trefoil, danewort, and a few Alpine

plants bloom in the deep clefts or on the narrow patches of grass. The little villages of Gortnagappul and Kilmurvey look like two groups of large bee-skeps with their thatched roofs. A belt of woodland surrounds Kilmurvey Lodge, in the garden of which many *souterrains* have been found. The whole scene is one of desolate majesty lighted up by wonderful sunlight, which recalls the lofty description of the Temptation in Milton's "Paradise Regained." A poet alone, and one with somewhat of the noble dignity of Æschylus, could faintly picture that time-worn stronghold in that wild and barren land. The red sand of Kilmurvey Bay gives the relief of a patch of warm colour to the soul-filling surroundings, and here at least modern flippancy gives way to heart-whole wonder at the skill of those early builders, who could rear such a structure amid scenery so terrific and so sublime.

Two other forts of great size and impressive grandeur are to be found in Inismore. Dun Onaght, about a mile from Dun Ængus, is oval in shape with inner dimensions of 97 by 93 feet. It contains remains of three square enclosures, which would seem to point to its later date. The inner height of its double rampart is 13 feet and the outer height is 18 feet, while the total thickness varies from 6 to 8 feet. It has one door to the east. Situated on the brow of a hill and carefully hidden from observation, this must have been a very strong position at the time of its erection. Its well lies outside the wall in a pretty limestone dell. The second fort is on a larger scale and stands on a commanding site in the middle of the island. It is known as Dun Oghil and consists of an inner Keep measuring 91 by 75½ feet on the inside of its oval enclosure. The door is to the east; outside of it is a curious chamber, the purpose and the date of which are alike obscure. A huge flight of steps gives entrance to

the Keep on the south side. The height of the wall here is about 15 feet and its thickness not less than 7 feet. Inside is a curious circular mound, which may have been left by the builders of the Board of Works, which has paid judicious attention to all of these forts. Outside the Keep is an outer rampart with cross walls, which now seems to have three doors, though originally there would have been only one. Its height is in parts 13 feet and its thickness at least 6 feet. On the plateau around are the remains of cloghauns, which once formed the middle village of the island. The skill with which these early builders constructed their strongholds is to the full as marked as the wisdom with which they chose their sites.

One important pagan memorial must be mentioned in connection with Dun Onaght, about a mile from which it is situated in a rich pasture. It is known as Cloghaun na Carraige, or the Stone-house of the Crag. This truly remarkable example of beehive building is oblong in shape and extends from east to west. The outside measurements at the base are 24 by 15 feet, the inside ones 18 by 9 feet. The inside height is fully 10 feet, and the walls taper off upwards, until they are covered by eleven flag-stones varying from  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 feet in length, which are piled up with stones to the further height of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet. North and south are two doors exactly opposite to one another. Their height, if cleared, would be 3 feet, their width 2 feet 8 inches, and their depth in the wall about the same. To the east of the north door is a little window, and further to the east another, each near the roof. The whole building is covered over with green grass, pink herb-Robert, and tiny saxifrages. It is wonderfully made, and may have been used first by an old pagan, then by some early anchorite. Above it, in a field, is an unusually extensive *giant's grave*, in which are traces of several kists. Such

are the principal pagan remains on Inismore; one is left to be noticed later; but the foregoing are in themselves quite enough to fire the enthusiasm of antiquaries who can put up with a little inconvenience in their devotion to their favourite study.

To the three islands the name of "Aran of the Saints" has been fitly attached from the seventh century of our era. Towards the end of the fifth century Eany, Prince of the Oriels, who ruled in Counties Louth, Armagh and Monaghan, lost by death the beautiful princess whom he was to have married. During this grave crisis of his life his sister, St. Fainchea, converted him to Christianity. He became a monk, and went to Italy for religious instruction. On his return to Ireland he obtained the grant of Aran from Ængus the first Christian King of Thomond. Here he landed at what has been called Killeany after him and his church, and founded ten monasteries. St. Brecaun, his chief disciple presided over the northern, while he himself swayed the southern group. By degrees many learned men flocked to these islands. St. Benan (Benignus) had his cell and oratory near to the great church of St. Eany. St. Brendan, of Clonfert, came hither before he set out on his famous voyage of discovery. St. Kieran, of Clonmacnoise, found a resting-place on the northern shore, while it is said that St. Fursey's remains were brought from France to be laid in the graveyard of the ruined church in Cowrugh. More than three hundred saints are reported to have been buried beneath the sacred soil of Killeany. The numbers may have been exaggerated, but the fact remains that Aran was famed for its saints and its learned men all over Europe during the early centuries of Irish Christianity.

The mouldering works of these ancient monks lie thick in ruins over the island and may now be described in

order. Killeany is about a mile to the south of Kilonan, which has won its name from the "St. Ronan" still to be seen there. The road winds pleasantly round the picturesque bay, passing many of those curious roadside monuments distinctive of Aran. Square pillars of stones are set up and crowned with a cross. On one or more side-slabs are let in, bearing the names of those whose dead bodies paused in this place, as they were being borne to the graveyard. Very touching are these memorials of the lowly dead, whose memory is thus recalled to the living. Such as cannot set up one of these crosses rear two or more flagstones against one another for the same pious purpose. So many of these monuments are set along one stretch of the road to Killeany that it goes by the name of "the street of tombs." Killeany itself, though once the chief settlement on the island, is now a miserably poor village thronged by useful but not too savoury pigs. At the head of the bay are the ruins of Ardkyn, a castle first built by the Elizabethan governor and enlarged by the Cromwellian garrison. The stones of the great church of St. Eany were so completely used for this profane object, that the church has entirely disappeared. Along the sandy shore, in part covered with sweet herbage, is the burial-ground, where is the ruin of the saint's mortuary chapel, which has been rebuilt and much changed since his day. It is a little rectangular church, which looks as if it had been built within the foundations of its larger predecessor. A stone with a fragment of an Irish inscription has been let into the north wall. St. Eany's grave has vanished in the shifting sands, which now cover the dust of a multitude of saints and a considerable number of modern sinners.

On the slope of the hill is a fragment of a round tower, built perhaps as a belfry in the eighth or ninth century.

Here is all that is left of the two finely-carved crosses. St. Benan's well, by which the path passes, is of great depth with a headlong flight of steps leading down to its sweet waters. Higher up is St. Eany's well with an altar by its side, from which it is separated by a bank partially covered with briars, on which sick folk sleep in the summer time, after praying at the altar and drinking from the well, in the faith that they will wake up whole. On the brow of the hill stands the tiny oratory of St. Benan situated north and south in a position from which its light could be clearly seen by an approaching boat. This small sixth century church measures  $10\frac{3}{4}$  feet by 7 feet. It was once stone-roofed and the extreme height of the gable from the rock is 15 feet, having formerly been 2 feet higher. The north door, which is the only entrance, is  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet high, 1 foot 10 inches wide at the bottom, and 1 foot 3 inches at the top. The jambs are inclined inwards like those of the portal to an Egyptian tomb and are of the most ancient kind. To the east is one very old window, under which the altar may have stood. It is covered by two inclined flags, deeply splayed with a small opening for the light. In this oratory some of the stones are 9 and even 10 feet in length. Just below it is St. Benan's hermitage in part built upon and in part hewn out of the rock. Along the cliff is a square enclosure containing the ruins of eight or nine cloghauns, so small that the old monks would have been forced to sleep sitting down. This was doubtless the monastery of the saint. St. Benan's oratory stands in a commanding position; though it must have been solitary its noble prospect would fire the devotion of its founder and of those who looked up to his guidance and teaching.

Not far from the old road from Kilronan to Kilmurvey is the picturesque ruin of Monaster Kieran. The original







*From a Photograph by Geo. Higginbottom.*

CHURCH OF THE FOUR FAIR SAINTS.





foundation dates from about 537 A.D., but how much, if any, of the first church is left in the present building is hard to decide. The east window, at all events, is more modern and is formed of a deeply-splayed, beautifully-rounded arch with a narrow lancet light, the whole being ornamented by a curious string-course. To the north is a much older flat-headed window with a door under it leading to the saint's cell, through which he is said to have partaken of the sacred elements of Holy Communion. The west door is flat-headed and possibly old. In the graveyard are two crosses, one of which is also a holed stone. Through the small hole the handkerchief of the sick person is passed, and healing is supposed to follow. Further in the fields are more crosses, while the remains of the monastery may still be seen almost level with the ground. The well bubbles from beneath a wall of rock and forms a little stream decked with maiden-hair. Some distance off is the church of St. Soorney, which does not call for any special mention. St. Kieran chose as the site of his monastery a plateau, from which the whole of the Galway coast with the distant mountains is full in view.

Rather more than three miles west of Kilronan is the village of Cowrugh, which has its own interest apart from the beauty of its situation. Just behind the high road are the ruins of the "Church of the Four Fair Saints," SS. Fursey, Brendan of Birr, Conal and Berchann. These ruins have been restored with more care than is usually bestowed upon such matters. At the east end of the church on the outside is an enclosure with four flat flags, which are believed to be the graves of these worthies. Of St. Fursey it may be noted that his "Visions" are said to have inspired Dante with much of the imagery of the "Inferno." At the west end inside the church is a narrow space walled off, to which sick people come to sleep

on the grass and so to win relief. This may have been the *bed* or *beds* of one or more of the saints. Two of the holy wells are near, and not far from these are two huge flagstones set on end probably by Pagan hands. On the hill-slope above is perhaps the most unusual of the *Beds of Diarmid*. It is a cromlech formed of a chamber built and covered with several flags, each measuring  $5\frac{1}{2}$  by  $1\frac{1}{4}$  feet. Its difference from other cromlechs is probably due to the nature of its materials. As usual, it is high on the hill, from which it commands a fine view of the opposite coast and of the western half of the island. Both Pagans and early Christians made a skilful choice of suitable spots for their temples and monuments.

Two miles to the north-west of Cowrugh is a striking group of ruins, known locally as "The Seven Churches." Since the graveyard has been cleared out, there is seen to be more justification for the name than at first appeared. A narrow valley runs down to the sea, the upper part of which is filled with ruins of various ages. The first church, though built of large stones, is more modern than most if not all of the others. It bears the expressive name of "Teampul na Phuill," or "Church of the Hollow." Standing east and west it has a beautiful lancet east window with the top cut out of a single stone. It has *piscinæ* and a comparatively late pointed door. The public use it for a purpose, for which it was not designed, so that wary walking within its walls is needful. It is set entirely outside the monastic enclosure, of which part of the original wall with the first gateway is still standing. Inside this older gate a later wall and gate lead into the graveyard near St. Brecaun's church and its conventual buildings. Just under the shadow of this wall is the "Leaba na Spirit Neeve," or "Bed of the Holy Spirit," and not far off is the holy well. It is possible that this *bed*









*From a Photograph by Geo. Higenbottom.*

**INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE SEVEN CHURCHES.**



is really the grave of St. Brecaun. Childless wives spend the night on it in summer, hoping that their prayer for offspring will be answered. The *bed* was opened many years ago by Dr. Petrie, who found in it a large and shapely skull, which he believed to be the skull of the saint. Set up there is the stump of an exquisitely carved cross. The outline and part of the walls of a fair-sized church set north and south, with a late trefoil-pointed window of two lights, lie to the north of the well. Its ruined doorway may also have been pointed; but the great stones of which it is built betoken an early date for its foundation. Above this, in a corner of the enclosure, are seven flat stones, side by side with an upright pillar bearing the inscription VII. ROMANI. Here these strangers were laid, whose presence tells of the ancient fame of the monastery.

The central and most important church, set east and west, to which a chancel has been added, is that of St. Brecaun, said to be the founder of Ardraccan in Meath. The door is on the south and is far more modern than the bulk of the building. Opposite to it is a very old window, the arch of which is made of two broad flags inclined to one another. Underneath is a cross with the inscription THOMASUS thereon. On the west wall is a scroll with an as yet undeciphered Irish inscription upon it, but which begins with the word OR, meaning a *prayer*. Near this is the remainder of a wall forming a kind of ante-chapel, containing a flag cupboard, probably the *librarium*. The stones of the north wall include some of 6, 8, 10 and 17 feet in length. The chancel-arch is wide, beautifully rounded, while the chancel-windows are deeply splayed with fine lancet lights. The altar has been set up with two remarkable fragments of ancient carving, which have been filled with skulls. This part of the church may have been added in the eleventh or twelfth century. To

the east of Teampul Brecaun are the remains of the conventual buildings, which are of larger size than is usual in these sanctuaries. To the north is the outline of another church with the relics of a door and two flat-headed windows east and west. To the west is an aumbrie and to the north a *piscina*. Close to this ruin are three large squared stones, fitted into one another to form a flat-headed doorway. Two more churches fill this angle of the precincts, set north-east and south-west, because of the formation of the ground. That these are churches and not conventual buildings is evident from the fact that each of them contains a *piscina*, set underneath a flat-headed window. To the north-east is yet another church pointing in the same direction, with a flat-headed doorway.

Climbing the side of the hill, what is called an *Aharla* or sacred enclosure is reached, in which are laid the pieced-up fragments of a cross elaborately carved, probably by the hand of St. Brecaun himself. In spite of scanty descriptions the enclosure of the "Seven Churches" is certainly one of the most interesting places in Aran. The great church of the saint contains so many objects of curiosity and conjecture, that it would repay a more careful examination than has yet been bestowed upon it. Its holy well or *Tober na Spirit Neeve*, is visited by many pilgrims not only from Aran itself but from the mainland. The situation of this venerable religious settlement is sheltered, yet with a very fine prospect to the north. A little stream trickles down to the sea through green brushwood and over limestone trimmed with maiden-hair and saxifrages. The monks who once dwelt there would be able to spend their days in holy quiet fenced in from the rage of the wild elements and from the stormy life of the world. They were learned and devout according to tradition, and their fame spread far and wide beyond the limits of their island home.

Two miles to the south of the "Seven Churches" under the hill, which is crowned by Dun Ængus, stands the little church of St. Colman McDuagh. It has been repaired at a later date than its original foundation. The nave measures  $18\frac{1}{2}$  by  $14\frac{1}{2}$  feet, while the chancel is  $17\frac{1}{2}$  by  $11\frac{1}{4}$  feet. Over both of these have clearly been rooms, as may be seen from the remains of windows. The east window of the chancel, a later addition, is deeply splayed and round-headed with a lancet light. To the south is a very early pointed window with two great flags to form its top. The altar is in its original place, though its flag has been broken and lies on the ground in front. The chancel-arch is very fine, but of ruder masonry than that of Teampul Brecaun. Large as are the stones of which this part of the church has been built, the nave contains still larger ones. Two are 10 feet long by more than 2 feet deep, while one is more than 17 feet in length. The great age of the nave is clearly shown by its cyclopean masonry. The window, which is flat-headed, very narrow and inclined inwards, is of the earliest period, as also is the door, the dimensions of which are: height,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet; width, 1 foot 11 inches at the top and 2 feet 4 inches at the bottom. - A single huge and irregularly-shaped stone covers this ancient entrance, which is nearly  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet deep. A holed stone lies at the south-west corner, and opposite the door is a large slab with an almost obliterated cross on one side and a well-preserved one on the other. This church is both very old and very curious. Once it was surrounded by part of the wall of the fort of Mil, which has long disappeared. On the hill opposite is another small oblong building with immensely thick walls, a ruined doorway and an altar-slab. Of this nothing is known: it bears the name of *Teampul McDuagh Beg*, and may have been an oratory founded by St. Colman. On a

flat slab of rock above is the saint's *bed* and further on the scanty remains of his monastery. The well bubbles beneath, spreading into a wide pool, where people wash their clothes, perhaps because they believe that the sacred water will give them immunity from diseases.

The foregoing are the churches of Inismore. Three other tiny buildings remain to be noted, because they have never met with description before. Their name, according to the Ordnance Map, is Kilchoran. About a mile and a half from Kilronan is a narrow lane, which leads to what was once a holy well, but which has dried up either from natural causes or from the construction of the water-works. Two fields' distance from this lane is a plateau of limestone containing one or two modern gravestones overturned and one upright. How the sexton contrived to inter anyone in such a spot it is hard to say. In one wall of the enclosure is built a tiny church in a very ruinous state. Near it, according to a peasant, a stone with a Latin inscription has been built into the wall, which was not to be discerned. At the west end and outside of the graveyard fence is a curious little building north and south measuring 10 feet by 10 feet externally and 6 feet by 6 inside. The walls are nearly  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet thick. To cover the door a sort of screen has been built without roof about 7 feet long and  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet high. This extension begins  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet from the south-east corner of the original building. The door of the latter is 5 feet high and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet wide. The inner height of the gable is 10 feet from the ground, the outer height being  $10\frac{1}{2}$  feet. The roof is supported by five massive stone rafters with nine stone joists on each side, all covered with stones. What this building may be is hard to say. It is entirely mortarless. Not far from it is a modern cloughan skilfully constructed, but not of large stones. No conjecture will be hazarded,

since conjecture is sometimes a convenient cloak for ignorance.

A few yards off stands another building also mortarless and now roofless, with a gable 7 feet from the ground. Its total length is 21 feet, and its width 8 feet. It contains three divisions each 5 feet long and entered by doors less than 2 feet wide. The walls are thick and the interior is a tangle of bramble and stunted brushwood, which prevents any satisfactory examination. It may have been a sort of church, as it is built east and west. If so it is of the tiniest and most inconvenient: or it may have contained cells of a few monks. Its origin is as uncertain as its purpose. That it is comparatively old may be inferred from the style of the masonry, while the fact that these three small buildings stand near a graveyard and a holy well points to their ecclesiastical origin. No more need be said, since indeed no more can be said.

Such are some of the points of interest in Inismore. Details have been given in many cases, because of the great antiquity of the buildings. Here are traces of an ancient civilisation of much compass. First the Pagan strongholds speak of a race of no mean skill in selecting sites and no less ability in adapting their architecture to the nature of the ground. Some of the tribes must have been of considerable power, so mighty are their fortresses. A few of the names of these old-world heroes survive, but the mighty strength of their works tells us more than their names. Following them came the monks, of whom more is known, bringing learning, which attracted scholars from Rome itself. Next were Elizabeth's warriors, who spared nothing to make their fortifications secure. Last came the garrison of Henry Cromwell, whose men finally became Catholic and settled amongst the Celts for weal or woe. Now the islands are desolate enough, but peopled

by a hardy, pious and warm-hearted race, whose open hospitality has almost passed into a proverb. The sweet pure air, the homely simplicity of the life, the wonderful ruins, the rare plants and rarer birds combine to lend an unusual interest to "Aran of the Saints." The wild cliff scenery will satisfy the artist, the ever-changing sea will inspire the poet and the kindness of the people will fully reward all who take their way thither. A season spent on these far-off shores is indeed a season of rest, wherein much information can be leisurely gathered of the life of the past, while nature can be seen at her grandest and wildest. Well might Thomas Moore sing thus:—

Oh! Aranmore, loved Aranmore,  
 How oft I dream of thee,  
 And of those days when, by thy shore,  
 I wander'd young and free.  
 Full many a path I've tried, since then,  
 Through pleasure's flow'ry maze,  
 But ne'er could find the bliss again  
 I felt in those sweet days.

How blithe upon thy breezy cliffs  
 At sunny morn I've stood,  
 With heart as bounding as the skiffs  
 That danc'd along thy flood;  
 Or, when the western wave grew bright  
 With daylight's parting wing,  
 Have sought that Eden in its light  
 Which dreaming poets sing;—\*

\* "The inhabitants of Aranmore are still persuaded that, on a clear day, they can see from this coast Hy Brasyl, or the Enchanted Island, the Paradise of the Pagan Irish, and concerning which they relate a number of romantic stories."—*Beaufort's Ancient Topography of Ireland*.



That Eden, where th' immortal brave  
Dwell in a land serene,—  
Whose bowers beyond the shining wave  
At sunset, oft are seen.  
Ah dream too full of sadd'ning truth!  
Those mansions o'er the main  
Are like the hopes I built in youth,—  
As sunny and as vain!

THOMAS MOORE.





## A CHESHIRE VILLAGER'S BOOKSHELF.

By W. V. BURGESS.

A CHESHIRE villager's bookshelf, such as is common in the heart of the county, is not the literary curiosity one might at first suppose. Taking the one I am best acquainted with as a typical example, it will be found to contain a score or two volumes comprised for the most part of religious treatises and works on theology. The only subjects indicative of any sort of excitement are those under the titles of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," and Bunyan's "Holy War."

Personal investigation disclosed the fact that a large proportion of the better-class peasants' shelves were possessed of several, and in some cases all, the following works: Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Grace Abounding," Watts' "The World to Come," Baxter's "The Saints' Everlasting Rest" and "Call to the Unconverted," Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Holy Dying," Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," Paley's "Evidences," Drelincourt on "Death," Sermons on the "Seven Deadly Sins," and kindred topics.

These books, though of undeniable stodginess, have been read and re-read by many of the present-day dwellers in the Cheshire village I have now in mind. Indeed, assuming reader for reader, I am convinced there is less solid reading done to-day among towns' folk than there is in the

country hamlets referred to—these peasants' bookcases afford indisputable evidence of the fact.

There are, of course, even in the most remote of Cheshire villages, readers of Newspapers and devourers of trashy journals, but it is significant that these such rarely own a bookshelf of the nature just described. I am afraid, too, that the race of "light" readers is a progressive one, so far as numbers are concerned. Whether modern methods of education or the ever encroaching influences of city life are responsible for this, who shall say?

It was Schopenhauer, I believe, who, at dinner, used to lay a wager with himself that one or other of his fellow diners would start the subject of gambling or women before coffee was served; and, he avowed, he was never the loser! In like manner I remember, how, that when my father and a few of his favourite cronies were wont to meet in the old orchard on Sunday evenings, I too would wager with myself, that the subject of their intermittent talk would be either, "The Saints' Everlasting Rest" or "The World to Come." I was seldom wrong. Mundane topics were scarcely ever obtruded, my father's belief being that if you did your duty honestly during six days you could afford to leave worldly concerns alone on the seventh.

It was surprising what a grasp these men had of the details of Scripture, and how cunningly they brought their knowledge to bear upon the statements and theories advanced by such divinity writers as they affected. On rare occasions, Jerry Fryer, the village roadmender, was admitted to these *al fresco* conclaves, and, though he could read fairly well, the most elementary metaphysics were so much religious euclid to him. Perhaps, however, his breezy creed that: "It isna reet to do wrong" went quite as far as their systems of more elaborated ethics.

But I must leave these recollections, my young days of

Baldur and Apollo, and take up again with the present generation, albeit a generation which fondly imagines it represents the acme of human progress inasmuch as in "Evolution" it thinks it has found the key to unlock the riddle of the universe. Yet, to-day, among the more strictly minded of our purely rural population, science is regarded askance, whilst newspapers are considered unfit for Sunday reading.

There are, nevertheless, exceptions to this rule, even in the village I am speaking of, who resent these strictures, especially in relation to newspaper reading on the Sabbath, as narrow and unwarrantable. The old roadmender, for instance, once observed to me that Baxter and Doddridge were good enough in their way, but were never intended to monopolise the whole of the day of rest. And further explaining himself he said: "By th' toime aw've gotten whoam from work an' rested mysel an' done a bit o' drinkin' it's toime for bed. An' if aw munna read th' paper o' Sunday, which is th' only day aw con borrow it, when mun aw read it?"

The rector is continually reproving this old radical for indulging in profane matter on the Lord's day. "Weel yo see," explained the chidden one by way of excuse, "aw read my Bible o' Saturday neets, when aw've gotten my wages i' my pocket, for then aw con read wi gradely feelin', 'Th' Lord is my shepherd aw shall not want!'"

The roadmender, it may be remarked in passing, is always very deferential to the rector, in fact he often strains his usual mode of speech to give it, what he imagines to be, a religious turn. Should the parson, for example, salute him with, "It's a nice day, Fryer," Jerry will at once reply, "By heavens! it is that sir." Or should enquiry be made as to his health he will respond, "Aw'm mighty weel, rector, thonk yo, in fact aw'm Almighty weel!"

As a foil to this I may mention that one day whilst examining the few books possessed by Hignett, the village tailor, I was surprised to alight upon a copy of the "Religio Medici." The title had been freely translated "Virtue and Physic," probably by some erstwhile Mereham curate. I was further surprised to learn that the quaint maker of quainter breeches had spelled through this hyperlatinist work and could recite long passages therefrom. I also unearthed several volumes of Jeremy Taylor from whose pages likewise the owner could treat one to a goodly number of quotations.

Sometimes, when the old fellow has been engaged upon a simple bit of mending or altering, I have idled by his open window, listening, whilst he has muttered platitude after platitude from his favourite Jeremy. Should our talk have happed upon the ups and downs of life and he would repeat: "All is well as long as the sun shines and the fair breath of heaven gently wafts us to our own purposes. But if you will try the excellency and feel the work of faith, place the man in a persecution; let him ride in a storm; let his bones be broken with sorrow, and his eyelids loosed with sickness; let his bread be dipped with tears, and all the daughters of music be brought low." And the aged sartor as he dialectically mumbled this beautiful extract would become *resartus* in the very effort.

Hugh Thornton, though possessed of the most meagre learning is, or was, for he has been called to his account, a lover of old writers, maybe because he had no other to exercise his mind upon. Thomas Fuller was to him the paragon of wisdom whom he mentally jerked for improvement as vigorously as he did the pump handle for other refreshment. Thornton's daily occupation was made up of multifarious duties, to these he was invited to add another, that of bell-ringing. "Nay, nay," said Hugh,

"aw'm noan goin' t' tak' up that bissuns, aw recollek' what owd Fuller says about it: 'Ringin' oftentimes hath made good music on th' bells, and put men's bodies out o' tune, so that, by o'er-heatin' theirsels they've rung their own passin' bell."

Only a few years ago, I learned by what strange circumstance, my native villagers became owners of some of the volumes to be found upon their shelves. An uncompromising son of one of the county families had been pitch-forked into the Church as a corrective to his scapegrace propensities. The stipend from his Mereham curacy proved to be as inadequate to his requirements as the quiet duties were unsuitable to his temperament. The inevitable burst-up came, and his abandoned belongings, including his books, were sold to defray, in part, the debt claims against him. In this wise many of the volumes fell into the hands of the villagers and the salutary effect therefrom, upon the minds of those who could read, was markedly evident. Thus the runaway curate left a legacy of benefit behind him, valuable beyond anything his sermons could ever have been.

Here and there in these rural libraries one may come across such old-time works of fiction as "The Scottish Chiefs," "The Swiss Family Robinson," or "Paul and Virginia." Most of these I found to be gift books or prize books for efficiency in "catechism." As yet nothing of the Corelli or Hall Caine type has found a place among the tested and tried favourites of the older shelves, and we may express the hope that they never will, that is if their advent in any degree weans the villager's taste from Jeremy Taylor and Bunyan.

Once, indeed, a few years ago, some little stir was caused among the Primitive Methodists of my village by the circumstance of one or two "heathenish" books having been

discovered on Levi Such's shelves. It was contended that "Lady Audley's Secret," "Jane Eyre," and "Robinson Crusoe" were not fit works for a good Methodist to have in his possession. The matter was brought before the Bethel authorities and Levi was put upon his defence.

"Holy Sam," of Leftwich, was called in to adjudicate. In the course of his comments, Sam confessed that he had not read the books himself—what good man would?—but submitted that from what he had heard, they were profane and vain babblings—Science falsely so-called, such as the scriptures commanded us to avoid.

Levi, who was "a bit nettled" as he termed it, retorted that he knew nothing about "vain babylons," neither had he read the works objected to, so considered himself as good as his judge. He explained that the books belonged to his daughter. "As good a dowter as any other mon's, an' leet only on yo deny *that*."

No one taking up Levi's challenge, he continued: "If Lady Audley has a secret *we* needna bother us heads about it for th' women folk will soon ferrit it out. An' as for Jane Eyre, aw ne'er heard on her afore, there's owd Juddy Eyre o' Budorth, but aw dunna think hoo's ony kin o' his, tho' aw'll ask him next toime awm that road. Robinson Crusoe awm raither doubtful about, he mun a bin a sort o' foreign traveller judgin' from th' pictures. One o' these pictures was a trifle ondaicent, it showed a black dressed i' nowt but his skin. Aw cut that out and leet tothers goo."

"Hear, hear," applauded the conference.

Mr. Such, thus receiving encouragement proceeded. "My dowter has towed me that this Robinson Crusoe lived by hissel on a desert island for above four year. Now aw conna think this wur reet when maybe his woife an' childer wur dependent on th' parish aw th' toime. Happen

th' Lady Audley know'd wheer he wur an' that wur her secret. Ony rate naither men nor books should be condemned wi'out a hearin' so if onybody ud loike to borrow th' things they're welcome to um."

The adjudicator, unable to sum up the evidence either one way or another, and being astute enough to conceal his ignorance of literary matters, gave it that Levi having admitted that Robinson Crusoe was not a commendable character, and that Lady Audley probably knew it, had done all they could expect him to do. On the other hand, if Jane Eyre was connected with the Eyres of Budworth that was sufficient guarantee of her respectability. So he recommended them to let the matter drop.

The only dissentient was old Rafe Green, who declared that all this sort of bother was the result of folk being taught to read. "Look at me," he said, "aw conna tell a B from a bull's foot, consequently aw'm never tempted to read books aw shouldna do."

Of the twenty or more villagers' book-shelves I purposely examined, only three possessed a Shakespeare, whilst not one of them owned a copy of either Homer or Virgil. Some of these men are well read in divinity and theology, but of the Iliad or the Æneid they are—and it is no matter of surprise—entirely ignorant. The village innkeeper, Teethy, however, enjoys opportunities of gaining knowledge about books and authors denied to most of his associates. Occasionally when the Hall is full of visitors a gentleman or two will put up at the Red Bull, or a few fagged students will rusticate with him for a while, or passing callers of the kind called educated, will prolong their stay to indulge in a chat under such pleasant conditions as the old inn affords. From these haphazard sources the worthy landlord has gleaned the scraps of literary information he proudly possesses.



If edification follows scantily upon Teethy's ostentatious airing of his acquaintance with "The classics" there is no lack of amusement arising out of his defective nomenclature and practical criticism. A literary conversation, in which the innkeeper was chief speaker, occurred at a friendly tea-drinking a short time ago.

When the meal was over and pipes were lit, the conversation turned upon books, owing to Jerry Fryer remarking that most books contained "nowt but potlid."

Now was Teethy's chance, and seizing it, he began, "Theer wur two gents in th' bar tother day talkin' about some grand book they cawd "Homer's Hilly-yard." Whether th' bother started o'er this chaps Hilly-yard or not aw couldna gradely make out, but there wur a feightin'-do that lasted more than twenty year. One thing wur sartin' there wur a woman at th' bottom on it aw, an' one o' th' gents said it wur a mistake for a young woman to marry an owd mon. An——."

Jerry here interrupted, "Aw knowed it ud nobbut be potlid when tha begun Teethy. Theere's no sense i' feightin' fur a bit o' a yard however hilly it wur. Aw'll be bun none o'th hills ud be bigger than Didlow-weeds bonk at Winsford."

"Abbut Jerry," said Dick Carden, "Teethy ne'er said th' row wur occasiont thro' th' hills in Homer's yard——."

"No," chimed in Teethy, taking his cue from Dick, "it wur thro' a woman who wur that good-lookin' that hoo turn't aw th' mens' yeads an' even th' godses coom down an' interfeert. No, tha understands nowt about classic stuff, Jerry, that's very plain."

"Weel," retorted the old roadmender, "if Classic, as yo caw him, conna write owt better than 'Homer's Hilly-yard' he'd best give o'er. A bit o' good solid Bunyan's more to my taste, or aw dunna objec' to Baxter or Isaac

Watts, but none o' yo'r hilly back-yard packthrid for me."

Teethy assumed a superior air, and pitying Jerry's ignorance, made another attempt to vindicate Homer and himself. Failing in this (the men having agreed that a bit of yard wasn't worth quibbling about) he took his departure with the bearing of a man who is conscious of being ahead of his times.

So, even in such unlikely fields of research as a Cheshire village, both entertainment and enlightenment may be found, if the seeker will but exercise amiability and tolerance towards the rustic reader and his mental pabulum.

When the village half-wit was once asked, why an elephant had a trunk, he replied, because it would not be an elephant without one. And if enquiry were made why there are always books in a Mereham cottage, response hath it, that it would not be a Mereham cottage if books were absent.

Again, were Jerry Fryer requested to name his four favourite writers, he would reply, "God, Bunyan, Baxter and Watts." And Jerry's reply is a generally representative one.

But things are changing, my friends, the younger generation are no longer content with the solid, Godly literature of their fathers. And I, even I, prejudiced old conservative that I am, would not have it otherwise, if it so be that the books read have the right tendency.

Yea, though the roots of my heart are twined about the past I can yet sing, "Ring out the old, ring in the new," for it seemeth:

That the past will always win  
A glory from its being far;  
And orb into the perfect star  
We saw not, when we moved therein.



## THE WISDOM AND HUMOUR OF W. H. PYNE.

By W. NOEL JOHNSON.

IN the year 1806 a work was published in two volumes, oblong folio, with the following title: "Microcosm, or a Picturesque Delineation of the Arts, Agriculture, and Manufactures of Great Britain: in a series of above one thousand groups of small figures for the embellishment of landscape, comprising the most interesting subjects in rural and domestic scenery, in external and internal navigation, in country sports and employments, in the arts of war and peace; the whole accurately drawn from nature, and etched by W. H. Pyne, and aquatinted by J. Hill." A long and descriptive title, as was the custom of the time, and in harmony with the wide field and diversity of subject treated of and presented in the work. It appears to have been a second edition, for we are also informed that now are "added explanations of the plates, and essays relating to their various subjects by C. Gray." There were 61 plates in Vol. i., and 71 in Vol. ii., and the imprints on the plates have dates from 1802 to 1807.

It was a great success and soon found many imitators in France and England. The figures were cleverly drawn and coloured by hand. Apart from the interest and pleasure to be derived from the work itself, it appears to have been intended as a sort of "mine," from which anyone who desired figures for his landscapes, might "crib," or

obtain ideas of the most suitable and picturesque to be introduced. It may seem rather a quaint idea to us that a work should have been produced with this object in view, rather than a guide, or book of illustrated suggestions, as to what to look for, and directions leading to personal observation and study of the figures themselves. But the nature of the work itself and its success, is one of the many proofs of the great and increasing interest that was taken in British scenery, and rural, every-day life, as suitable subjects for pictorial art, which followed the rise and progress of native water-colour drawing.

The awakened sense of local beauty, and the facility and simplicity of the new art, made sketching and drawing the pursuit or pastime of many outside the ranks of the professors. At a time when landscape was young, and, though growing more and more into public favour, was seldom or never found to be satisfying without the introduction of human life or incident, the interest and value attaching to such a work as the "Microcosm," can be readily understood.

Pyne's choice of the word "microcosm" was wise, even if somewhat ambitious and pretentious. It is a good word to use, it sounds fine and looks well in print; but even one thousand groups of figures could not exhaust the "little-world" of man. I am not sure whether he was the first to use the word as he applied it; probably he was, for I have not been able to find a prior use with the same meaning. It was used at a later time in at least two other works. From 1808 to 1810, Ackermann issued, in parts, the "Microcosm of London; or London in Miniature; the architecture by A. Pugin, the manners and customs by Thomas Rowlandson"; and in 1841 appeared "Prout's Microcosm—the artistic sketch-book of groups of Figures, Shipping, and other Picturesque Objects, by Samuel

Prout." Neither of these works had the wide scope, nor did they avow the same object, as the "Microcosm" of W. H. Pyne, but there can be little doubt that, to some extent, they were suggested and planned on the latter work.

William Henry Pyne, the son of a leather-seller in Holborn, was born in 1769. When a boy his father placed him under a clever drawing-master—probably Henry Pars, who at that time had an Art School in the Strand. But young Pyne disliked his master, and refused to serve as an apprentice. Beyond these meagre details little is known of his early life.

His exhibited drawings from 1790 to 1801, came mostly under the category of landscape, but "he possessed one great advantage over most of his contemporaries who treated similar subjects, in the ability with which he introduced figures and animals into his landscapes, so as to render them, not mere accessories, but of positive interest."<sup>1</sup>

The titles of some of his first drawings acknowledge figures as being their principal subject; such as "Travelling Comedians," "Bartholomew-Fair," "A Puppet Show," and "A Village with Figures Merry-making." Afterwards they were chiefly rural scenes, in various counties of England; with a few, such as "Corn Harvest," "Gipsies in a Wood," and "Anglers," which suggest that the figures constitute the chief source of interest. Apart from his skill with the pencil, he had talent for the etching point, and several large plates by him of figure-groups for decorating landscape, are said to be in existence. Also a book called "Nattes's Practical Geometry, or an Introduction to Perspective," has a vignette title-page engraved by W. H. Pyne; and a second edition of this work, dated 1819, is curiously illustrated with forty-four other plates con-

1. "Art Union," October, 1843.

taining geometrical diagrams, under each of which is a vignette etched by Pyne, "from designs analogous to the different geometrical figures, the subjects being such as the following: a horse-mill, water conduit and carts, kilns, pumps, etc., with figures about them appropriately employed as wheelwrights, painters, bricklayers, etc., and other artisans at work."

Geometrical diagrams are not usually picturesque, nor do they suggest material for pictures. The assinine bridge ("Pons asinorum"—which should appropriately be termed not the asses' bridge but *trap*) and the "old-woman's bonnet," do not as diagrams savour of the pictorial. And yet, when we think of Ruskin's geometrical analysis of Turner's Bridge and Boats at Coblenz, and the "Calais sands," geometrical diagram and pictorial composition do not seem widely separated, but rather different expressions of one and the same law. But, however, this may ultimately resolve itself in the development of art and æsthetic taste, I do not think it was present in Pyne's mind when drawing his "designs and analogues to geometrical figures." It seems far more probable that they were the outcome of his fancy and humour: an effort to embellish and make attractive an exact science, the demonstration of whose truths so frequently land the youth between "the Devil and the deep sea."

W. H. Pyne was one of the founders of the "Old Water-colour Society," but in 1809, six years after its foundation, he resigned his membership. This is alleged as a proof of the fickleness of his disposition; but the fact is that he took far more kindly to the pen than the pencil. He continued to devote himself to subjects connected with art, but gradually his literary work superseded the artistic. His reputation as an artist and draughtsman chiefly rests on such works as the "Microcosm," already mentioned.

Although he practised with much skill and exerted no little influence on art, the drawings he exhibited did not attract much attention; his works in the South Kensington Museum show dexterity of execution and refined feeling, how carefully he finished in transparent colour, and with what skill he introduced figures into his rural landscapes.

Till a late period of his life he laboured in the cause of art as a writer and conductor of works for the press. He is best known to-day by his humorous papers, published under the title of "Wine and Walnuts," and the clever serial "The Somerset House Gazette," to which I will refer more in detail presently. He contributed to the *Literary Gazette*, and the following letter to his friend Jerdan, the editor, is characteristic of the man.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have sent some account of Windsor,<sup>1</sup> which I request you to read over *carefully*. I have marked the quotations all the way. Please make what alterations you may think necessary in the prologue, which is vastly modest. I have written something for Hampton Court, but determined yesterday afternoon to *begin* with the beginning, so all that I have gotten for the "Literary Gazette" will do for another occasion. I much wish to see you, but am so incessantly engaged, being on the very point of finishing my work, that I must postpone that pleasure for two or three days. I have written out some sheets of my "Crooked Telescope," which I am jackass enough to think very witty and very pithy and very original, and, in short, what you cannot attack in INK-POT MALICE.

Yours very faithfully,

W. H. PYNE.

July 22, 1819.

In great, great, great haste.

1. "Windsor Castle," an article for "The History of the Royal Residences, &c."

The first part of this letter refers to his "History of the Royal Residences of Windsor Castle, St. James's Palace, Carlton House, etc.," a work of importance in its day, which was illustrated by one hundred richly-coloured plates. It turned out to be a most unfortunate speculation for its author, and involved him in difficulties from which he was never able to recover.

Pyne was an eminently sociable man, popular in the circle of his acquaintances—artists, literary men, and actors,—and was eminently qualified for the task of collecting and writing history and anecdotes relating to art and its professors, but especially to water-colour art. He is considered to have been in many respects the beau ideal of the artistic character—"disinterestedly devoted to art for its own sake, even to enthusiasm, yet unfortunately for himself not gifted with the enthusiasm of application."<sup>1</sup> With more prudence and application he might have distinguished himself as one of the first water-colour painters of the day, especially in familiar rural landscape scenery, and the delineation of old buildings.

He was eminently a lover of gossip, and gifted with an excellent imaginative memory. "Gossip" is said to have been his forte and his foible. The fresh liveliness and unclassic style of his literary works, and fund of anecdote they contain, disclose his turn of mind and his character. He was more remarkable for narrative than for conversational power. No one could tell a story better or more graphically. "Anecdote would beget anecdote and story story from him during an entire evening, to the immense gratification of his auditors, but to the suspension of other conversation." He has been known to go to a breakfast party, and by entertaining to detain all the company till

1. Roget, "History of the Old Water-colour Society," v. i. p. 140.



one o'clock the following morning. But he paid dearly for his lively talent, by indulging it too far, to the sacrifice of time and the interruption of study that might have been more profitable. Unsteadiness of pursuit was another of his foibles. He was always projecting some new scheme or other, some of them very chimerical ones, into which he would throw his energies, and about which he would be most sanguine of success, until a fresher one sprang into existence out of his prolific imagination. This was just the kind of man to espouse a slighted cause with warmth and energy.

The Royal Academy treated the works of the early professors of Water-colour Art in England with scant courtesy. Against this treatment Pyne raised a protest, and bent his energies to the task of securing fair play. The protest did not achieve much within the Academy, but his energy, along with that of others, led to a combination of water-colour painters, and the establishment of the Water-colour Society, of which, as already stated, Pyne was one of the founders.

Pyne's wisdom is not made up of "wise-saws and modern instances"; it consists not of words of advice to check the erring, or of moral and prudential admonitions which ever and on all occasions find a subject that needs them, or an object fit for their guidance. No, it is rather latent than expressed; seen more in what he did than in what he said; rather a feeling of general drift, than the sufficient word upon occasion.

His humour is not the wit that stings and leaves its mark, but the bubbling of a bright, light-hearted spirit—of one who loves his fellow-men, yet cannot help but see the light and shade, the follies and weaknesses, the contrasts and contradictions they present. It will out, but with a frank smile on the face—and no venom lurking secretly

beneath. It is not the torrent that tries the sedate and exasperates competitors; nor that which provokes noisy, ungovernable laughter; but the sympathetic expression which attracts and amuses.

In the year 1823 appeared Pyne's "Wine and Walnuts," and in the same year he began the *Somerset House Gazette*. Let me speak of the latter first. The full title of this journal was *The Somerset House Gazette and Literary Museum; or, Weekly Miscellany of Fine Arts, Antiquities, and Literary Chit Chat*. It was issued under the *nom de plume* of Ephraim Hardcastle. The numbers generally contained 16 pages, but sometimes attained 28; the price was sixpence; the first number appeared on the 11th October, 1823, and the last on the 2nd October, 1824, making exactly 52 parts.<sup>1</sup>

This work contains such a great variety of topics, and such a mass of interesting material, that only a mere idea of the contents can be given. Original Essays on all branches of the Fine Arts, Notices of Exhibitions, Biographies of distinguished Painters, Poets, Musicians and Actors, Reviews of New Publications, the Drama and Opera, and Literary and Scientific Intelligence, besides much matter on subjects not easy to classify, appear in its pages. It is almost impossible to open the work anywhere without finding something of historical interest, some account or humorous anecdotes of prominent persons, or some quaint quotation or reminiscence. The whole, or nearly so, was written by Pyne himself. Occasionally the work was open to Correspondence, but it never gave much space for others to air their opinions, and, considering the nature of the journal, the Editor was probably right in this limitation.

As I have said, the first number was issued in October,

1. Published by W. Wetton, 21, Fleet Street, London.

and appropriately, the first article is an Essay on "The October Fire-side." In this "Miscellany" and also in "Wine and Walnuts," Pyne frequently mentions and quotes from his "great uncle Zachary." I have not been able to discover whether he had such an uncle or not, but it seems to me almost certain that he is a fictitious character, through whom Pyne frequently takes the opportunity of speaking from himself. In "The October Fire-side" he begins by saying:—

I know of no recreation more interesting, or more tranquilising to the mind and body, than that of going to my books again, when the social month of October returns, said my great uncle Zachary; for as my old friend Jonathan Richardson used to observe, of all the months of the year, commend me to October, for then you have summer days and winter evenings.

He points out that during the summer months our friends are scattered, rambling about the hills, the lakes, or the sea-side

For the recruit of their health—to face the coming winter enemy in the play-houses, the punch-houses, and what not. On the return of this *tenth month*, as the sober *quakers* term it, our friends begin to flock homeward; and I know not but "we" might well designate it *The Friendly Month*.

Further on he says:—

Monsieur Roquet,<sup>1</sup> the honest Swiss, was always in good humour with the world, and, consequently, in good humour with himself. Such a man is apt to be the cause of it in others. Poor Friar Pine<sup>2</sup> used to be hipped at the approach

1. An Enamel Painter.

2. Robert Edge Pine, Historical Painter, who stood for Hogarth as the friar, in his picture of the "Gates of Calais."

of November, and constantly complaining of the damps and fogs. To be sure, the gloomy atmosphere of the *eleventh* is the "antipathy of a face painter," as Sir Godfrey Kneller was wont to observe. So *Pine* was complaining of the climate to Roquet, at the Club at Old Slaughter's, . . . when the Swiss, shrugging his shoulders, observed. . . . "mine Gote, mine friend Mistare Pines, for vot shaft you complain alway at the climate of England. Vat! if you have short summare! is it not made amend—have you not the long wintare?" Friar Pine laughed ready to crack his fat sides; and I verily believe the oddity of the circumstance, which had nothing else to recommend it, cost the Club another bowl of punch—and another hour of watching, to the good ladies at home; to wit, Mistress Hogarth, Mistress Hayman, Mistress Friar Pine, Mistress Garrick, and other worthy dames, the wives of these renowned clubbists.

The desultory character of Pyne and his want of application are seen in his literary as in his artistic work. He starts with an idea—such as "The Life and Opinions of Old Pick-a-Back, the Crazy Usher of our School," "a righte merry rhapsodye"—but does not carry it forward to completion; although his last written words say that the gentle reader may read of something (to which he has already referred), if it be his pleasure, in a succeeding chapter—which chapter never appeared.

In the above "rhapsodye" there is an amusing passage on a man, Simeon a cooper, who has a remarkable voice. Pick-a-Back, who can turn his hand to almost anything, has constructed an organ.

Indeed, it was a work; he built it all with his own hands; he made the bellows, he cast the pipes, and formed the ivory keys. "What, more pipes!" quoth Silly-crow (an assistant usher); "why, thou has spoilt as much molten lead as would

have roof'd the church! and now thou hast completed it: what then? Fill it with wind; what then? You put your fingers on the keys; what then? Tell me the cause of sound, from whence you fetch it, and, when you have got it, whence it goes?"

"Rub-a-dub dub  
It is hid in a tub,"

answered Simeon the cooper, who then peeped through the bung-hole of a ponderous vat—the Great Apostle it was called; he was within; it was just completed for the Squire's cellar, to hold some rare October. . . .

"Fa—sol—la—ut re mi fa,"

sang Simeon in the vat. "That is a demonstration," quoth Pick-a-back. "I do not admit your premises," quoth Silly-crow. "The premises be mine, at present, Master Silly-crow," quoth Simeon, "and therein be the sound; but when the tub be delivered to the Squire, the premises will then be his; and he'll admit the premises, if you will not; and then the sound will bide in me, and not i' the tub. Is not that sound logic, touching sound?" Simeon was no fool. And sure enough the sound was in the tub: for such a voice as his no mortal, who had ne'er heard Simeon's voice, had yet conceived, nor dreamt of the extent of vocal power. . . . He was a voice; he spoke in common clean down in E flat; it was so musical his speech, it seemed to bear about it its own echo, and sounded, as it were, within an empty tub.

In the second number of the *Gazette* we have a Diary of "The Month of October, one hundred years ago." Under Wednesday, the 23rd, we read:—

Long Vacation departed this mortal life, to the great joy of all the Sons of Parchment, last night at twelve, and died not worth a groat.

A dozen country Attorneys breakfast in Hell,<sup>1</sup> by eleven.  
Night calm at the Tavern.

Thursday, October 24.

Six couple pair'd (married) at the Fleet at Ten—repent  
next morning.

Friday, October 25.

The Goddess of Scolding up by five in the morning at  
Billingsgate, from thence to Temple-stairs at seven, takes a  
pair of oars at nine for Westminster, stays there till all her  
*Black Guard* are dispersed and gone.

Tuesday, October 29.

Artillery men march two and two—pair and pair,  
burlesqued in buff and bandileers. Need no head-pieces,  
wives have fortified them.

Occasionally we are given excerpts from what is called  
“My Great Uncle Zachary’s Scrap Book.” They frequently  
take the form of conundrums, such as:—

*Q.* What is the meaning, when we say, “as safe as a fish.”

*A.* Because when all other creatures perished in the  
deluge the fishes were only safe. And of that, when we say,  
“as mute as a fish,” because no creature but can make some  
kind of noise or sound, but only the fish—that is solely  
dumb.

*Q.* What three things should be always at home?

*A.* The hen-roost, the cat, and a beautiful wife.

Socrates being reproved by his wife, for that he prepared  
no better fare for his friends: quoth he, “if they be our  
friends,—they will not care; if they be not,—we will not

1. A Coffee House.

care; if they be good,—here is enough; if they be bad,—here is too much.”

*Q.* When is dirt handled by dirt?

*A.* When the potter worketh his vessel.

Two more of these scraps must suffice :—

Two Cardinals, familiar acquaintants, came to a conceited painter's shop in *Venice*, to behold the pictures of *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*; and in the way of merriment they told him he had sottishly made their faces too red. “O,” quoth the limner, “that was my chief care, and such they are in Heaven, blushing to see by what degenerate priests this church is now governed—their pretended successors.”

Of the Folly and Jestes of Scholars.—One meeting a physician, prayed him he would not be angry because he was not sick.

Another foolish scholar, hearing a crow would live a hundred years, went and bought one to try the conclusion.

Another wanting money, sold his books, and then wrote to his father to be of good cheer, for that now he lived by his learning.

Many racy and interesting anecdotes are given, in several numbers, on “Opinions on Portraits.” We are told that a waggish artist said that :—

Of all the pursuits that were ever invented by the old serpent, for the punishment of men who attempt to live by their wits, surely that of Portrait Painting is the most tantalising. Nay, the Devil himself, with all his wheedling and flattery, could not please his capricious customers.

He goes on to tell us that the sage Doctor Johnson was displeased with his friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, for having painted him holding a book near his eyes—or eye rather,—

"for the great man was *unoculus*, and near-sighted to beot." Mrs. Thrale rallied her friend on his complaining, and said:—

"Why Sir Joshua has consented to have his picture taken, with his ear trumpet in his hand." "He may be painted by another, or paint himself, as deaf as he pleases," replied the Doctor, "but I object to be known to posterity as blinking Sam."<sup>1</sup>

There was much sense and artistic wisdom underlying the doctor's reply. Another, bearing on the same subject, is told of Queen Elizabeth:—

"This extraordinary Queen," says Pyne, "when on the verge of sixty, must have been an easier theme for the flattering pen of the poet than for the pencil of the portrait painter." Her address on this subject, when she was to be limned by Daniel Mytens, was worthy of her sex. "I do not approve of shades in painting," said Her Majesty. "You must strike off my likeness without shadows." An elegant method of getting rid of her wrinkles.<sup>2</sup>

This is set off by the well-known story of Cromwell and Lely—the former not allowing the warts and excrescences on his face to be left out—and many others interesting and amusing.

It must not be supposed that the bulk of the *Somerset House Gazette* is made up of humorous stories and anecdotes—valuable though many of them may be. It is not so, the greater portion of its material is composed of good, solid criticism and history, some of it of greater value to-day than when it was written. It is true that it is desultory, and without ordered plan, and that the author's sense of humour keeps coming to the surface. It

1. "Somerset House Gazette," Vol. i. p. 188.

2. "Somerset House Gazette," V. i. p. 149.



reminds me of a brook or rivulet, formed in some parts of calm and deeper reaches, but in others broken again and again, as it rolls over stones and pebbles, into nature's wild music and laughter. Without order and artifice it is; but in its freedom and spontaniety, its flickering of lights and shadows, and its humour and occasional touches of pathos, it is the outpouring and compilation of a simple, well-stored, and natural man.

For one thing especially it has been of value, and that is, that it contains the first written history of the rise and progress of Water-colour Painting in England; and remained the only history until Redgrave took up the subject about 1864.

I spoke of Pyne's "Microcosm" as a "mine" from which to cull figures for landscapes, but his *Somerset House Gazette* has been a far greater and more valuable one. It forms the foundation of all water-colour history, and one from which all subsequent writers have drawn their materials. Pyne certainly showed the wisdom of foresight and farsight, in collecting and penning his essays and notes on this interesting history, and giving them to the world in the *Somerset House Gazette*.

The Essays comprised in "Wine and Walnuts," which first appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, were collected and published in two volumes by Messrs. Longmans, in 1823. They treat of a variety of subjects, and of many well-known persons. Club and tavern life are frequently represented; local incidents and London characteristics are brought before us; we meet with David Garrick, Sterne, Dean Swift, Doctor Johnson, Hogarth, Reynolds, Wilson, Goldsmith, and many others; and also with the writer himself. It seems impossible to tell how far the anecdotes and incidents in these volumes are matters of fact. There probably is a stratum of clear truth underlying or worked

into them; but Pyne's imagination must have cast them into form, rounded them off, brought one point forward and dulled another; and probably he added much of his own invention, consciously or otherwise.

In the Club and Tavern scenes, punch and sack flow freely, and we see much of the lower rungs of humanity; but I do not remember an instance in which Pyne descends to sharpen wit at the fires of sottishness and obscenity. Merry, noisy, boisterous times they must have had, but if the darker side of vice appeared, it has been wisely deleted from the picture. Amid a general atmosphere of good humour and wit, we find serious estimates of men's work, and true feelings of sympathy and pathos.

Of Hogarth he tells us:—

This original artist, it is said, was first induced to try his talent on moral compositions, on reading the translation of the works of a foreign cynical philosopher, who maintained that *painting* was an useless art! Hogarth may justly be included amongst those British worthies who mainly contribute to the improvement of the manners of the last century: a fellow-labourer with Addison and Steele, . . . and the still more illustrious Johnson, in the cause of public virtue.

Hogarth's death spread a general gloom. It was the subject of lamentation in every tavern, and all the social clubs were long accustomed to drink to his memory. The sensitive Sterne long missed his ingenious convive; and Garrick's sad countenance rendered awhile the green-room dull. Sterne brooded over the privation in silent sentiment. Garrick's more active, yet no less tender muse, soothed his affection by dictating this epitaph for his departed friend:

Farewell, great painter of mankind,  
 Who reached the noblest point of art;  
 Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,  
 And through the eye correct the heart.  
 If *genius* fire thee, reader, stay;  
 If *nature* touch thee, drop a tear;  
 If neither move thee, turn away;  
 For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

In the same essay he gives an interesting description of London, especially of the discordant jingling and jostling on the greasy pavement of Fleet Street; and of the different workers, the *tailor*, the *barber*, the *quack*, the *peruquier*, and so forth, all of whom in each trade

"Looked as like to like, as dial plates." "Then it was," he says, "that matters of exterior appearance were a very personal superscription, telling you in language plain enough, in what street each man lived, and what he daily did to earn his mutton."<sup>1</sup>

The following is from the very humorous chapter called "A Night at Garrick's":—

I believe that moralist, the *Rambler*, had to answer for many of our midnight orgies; for he, "like Minerva's bird (as Goldsmith would have it) was most alive when the sober geese were gone to sleep."

"So much for bad examples in good men," said Mrs. Garrick, after her husband's endeavour to appease her anxiety, by "Dearest, I have passed the evening with two of the wisest and best of souls"—meaning Reynolds and Johnson.

At the same meeting Mrs. Garrick and some beautiful young lady visitors had been amusing themselves by

1. "Wine and Walnuts," vol. i. p. 88.

likening their gentlemen visitors to fruits, plants, and minerals, as a punishment for tardily obeying their summons. The gentlemen were asked to guess what they had been likened to, in which, of course, they failed. Richard Wilson had been likened to *olives*.

"Now, sir," said one of the ladies, "will you dare to enquire farther." "Let me see," said Wilson, all eyes upon him—"Well, then, my dear, out with it; I dare!" "Then know, sir," said she, rising and curtsying most gravely, "Mister Wilson is rough to the taste at first, tolerable by a little longer acquaintance, and delightful at last." "Art thou content, friend Richard," said Johnson: "that is very handsome, sir." Wilson made his best bow, and said, "Faith, I shall henceforth have a better opinion of myself."

Goldsmith had been likened to a "passion-flower, of all the painted garden, Flora's pride! wrapped in a frumpish hood at *even-tide*"; and Dr. Johnson "to an aloe, as a lofty plant, whose glorious head, raised toward heaven, adorns creation but once in a hundred years!"

The most valuable portions of "Wine and Walnuts" are those dealing with matters of art; especially the essay on De Louthembourg, his "Eidophusikon," and his opinions on the fitness of British scenery for pictorial purposes, which show an insight and appreciation much in advance of the time.

Other interesting chapters are those on "Old Slaughters," a famous Coffee House in St. Martin's Lane; "The Last Night of the Old Year," "A Night at Garrick's," "Old London Bridge, with portraits of some of its 'inhabitants'"; "Christmas Eve at Austin Friars," "A ramble on the Heath," "Nothing to Eat," and so forth.

Pyne projected a new series of "Wine and Walnuts,"

two essays of which were printed in his *Gazette*, but I cannot find any evidence of their continuance.

Towards the end of his life, Pyne spent much of his time in the debtors' prison, where he tells us he continued his studies, and fortunately enjoyed the blessing of health. He died at Paddington at the age of seventy-four.

Pyne's work is hardy, rugged, and graphic; hit off at once and left with the mark of the tool upon it, to tell its own tale. It is but seldom subjective and individual disclosing the inward working and evolutions of the author's own mind; for its style is narrative and the matter proceeds much from the mouths of others. Brilliancy and originality of thought cannot be claimed for Pyne as very exceptional or great in measure. But his knowledge of art and its history, his reminiscences of men and things, his varied information and critical judgments, form a sound and interesting contribution to our literature and a valuable memorial of his life.

Later writers have been greatly indebted to him for both fact and anecdote; but the source from which they have drawn has not always been sufficiently acknowledged.





## THE CASE OF THOS. DOUGHTY.

By E. E. MINTON.

THE glory of the historic voyage of Drake [1577-8-9-80], in which the circumnavigation of the globe was first achieved in an English ship was marred by an incident which was regarded by many as a blot on his reputation for justice and humanity. This was the trial and execution of a gentleman named Thos. Doughty on a confused and obscure charge of conspiring to "overthrow the voyage." The tragedy took place in a natural harbour named Port St. Julian, a desolate part of the coast of South America. They had sought shelter to refit and prepare for the perilous passage of the Straits. In this lonely spot the only sign of man's handiwork was the remains of the gibbet on which, fifty-eight years before, Magelhaen had hanged his mutineers; a fact of such ominous significance that it is alluded to in each of the contemporary narratives.

To more than one onlooker, the act appeared "a mere murder, done out of revenge, and made hideous by the vamping up of unfounded charges of mutiny, and a rude hypocritical affectation of justice." On the other hand, the admirers of the great seaman—and they always have, and always will be many—refuse to doubt the honesty and humanity of their hero, and acquit him of the charge of having put to death an innocent man on false pretences. In their opinion the act redounds to the courage, force of

character, and masterful energy, with which all are agreed he was possessed in no common degree.

Charles Kingsley, in his breezy way, says: "Drake knew when to hang a man."

In recent years the publication by the Hakluyt Society of documents which had lain ignored or forgotten, has afforded us a knowledge of the facts which were unknown to Camden and Dr. Johnson. These sources have been freely used by Mr. Julian Corbett in his recent life of Drake, a work of brilliant and sustained interest. But a perusal of the original narratives of eye witnesses moves us to the consideration that there are many circumstances in the history of the event which make us pause ere we accept, without some reservation, those assumptions which it should be the historian's business to prove.

The first thing is to call the witnesses. We will begin with those who tell us least, and end with him who tells us most. All may be found in the volume published by the Hakluyt Society for the year 1854: "The World Encompassed by Sir Francis Drake," and edited by W. S. W. Vaux, M.A.

*First.* Nuno da Silva, a native of Portugal, taken prisoner by Drake in the Cape De Verde Islands. He was, we are told, "a great help and furtherance in his voyage." This man wrote an account of his adventure in Drake's expedition to one Lopez Vaz, in which he says, that at Port St. Julian, Drake "put to death a gentleman of his company, because he would have returned home."

This is evidence as to the opinion which the Portuguese pilot had formed as to the cause of the execution.

*Second.* John Cliffe, Mariner, who sailed with Winter in the *Elizabeth*. "The last of June M. Thos. Doughty was brought to his answer, was accused, and convicted of certaine articles, and by Master Drake condemned. He

was beheaded on the 2nd of July, 1577, whose body was buried in the said Island, neere to them which were slain."

Winter, a gentleman, and Captain of the *Elizabeth*, was foreman of the jury which tried Doughty, and might have furnished details if he had been so minded. Losing sight of Drake in the fearful gales which they encountered in the autumn, and believing that he had perished, he lost heart, and made his way home to England "sorely against the mariner's will," we are told, and so shared not in the fame and plunder of the *Pelican* and her crew.

*Third.* The narrative given in "Hakluyt's Voyages," anonymous, but evidently that of an eye witness.

"In this port (*i.e.*, St. Julian) our General began to enquire diligently of the actions of Mr. Thos. Doughty, and found them not to be such as he looked for, but tending rather to contention or mutiny, or some other disorder, whereby (without redress) the success of the voyage might greatly have been hazarded; whereupon the company was called together and made acquainted with the particulars of the cause, which were found partly by Mr. Doughty's own confession, and partly by the evidence of the fact, to be true; which when our General saw, although his private affection to Mr. Doughty (as he then in the presence of all of us sacredly protested) was great; yet the care he had of the state of the voyage, of the expectation of her Majesty, and of the honour of his country, did more touch him (as indeed it ought) than the private respect of one man; so that the cause being thoroughly heard, and all things done in good order, as near as might be to the course of our laws in England, it was concluded that Mr. Doughty should receive punishment according to the quality of the offence, and he, seeing no remedy but patience for himself, desired before his death to receive the communion, which he did at the hands of



Mr. Fletcher, our minister, and our General himself accompanied him in that holy action; which being done, and the place of execution made ready, he having embraced our General, and taken his leave of all the company, with prayer for the Queen's Majesty and our realm, in quiet sort laid his head to the block, where he ended his life. This being done, our General made divers speeches to the whole company, persuading them to unity, obedience, love, and regard of our voyage, and for the better conformation thereof willed every man the next Sunday following to prepare himself to receive the communion, as Christian brethren and friends ought to do. Which was done in very reverent sort, and so with good contentment every man went about his business."

From which it will be seen that those who wished to tell the story in such a way as to be favourable to Drake, were obliged to be vague, the real reason for the execution being difficult to explain.

The narrative entitled "The World Encompassed by Sir Francis Drake" must be excluded from the list of witnesses. Published by the nephew of the famous sailor in 1628, the title page informs us that it was carefully collected out of the notes of Master Francis Fletcher, "preacher in this employment." How very "carefully" it was "collected" out of the chaplain's notes we may see on comparing it with the notes themselves. For nearly three centuries the most maudling, hypocritical tale ever concocted by the mind of man was spoken of as the "authorised narrative!" If such a tissue of lies and half-truths is to be believed, Doughty admitted the truth of all the charges against him, confessed to others not made, and in a gush of snuffling penitence begged that he might have his head cut off, and like Don Juan's tutor,

Held out his jugular and wrist.

We are asked to believe that Drake offered Doughty three alternatives. To be tried in England, left on shore, or beheading, and that Doughty chose the latter!

But though "The World Encompassed" is inadmissible as evidence as to facts, it is evidence of what the friends and heirs of Drake wished the world to believe.

Half a century after Doughty's death, and when the Sea King himself had become a memory of the past, it was desirable to gloss over such questionable acts. So far had the process of whitewashing gone that in Thos. Fuller's "Holy and Profane State" Drake figures as the good Sea Captain! He, however, has some misgivings, for he concludes:—"In a word: should those that speak against him fast till they fetch their bread where he did his, they would have a good stomach to eat it."

How the matter appeared to Francis Fletcher, chaplain to the expedition, and an eyewitness, we shall now see from his notes; and Drake's nephew did not foresee that from a copy of those notes men would one day discover the extent to which he had falsified them in "The World Encompassed."

"This bloody tragedie being ended,\* another more grievous ensueth. I call it more grievous, because it was among ourselves contrived and ended. For now Thomas Doughty is called in question, not by giants, but by Christians, even ourselves. The original of dislike against him you may read in the storeye of the Ilands of Cape Verde, upon the coast of Affrick, at his takeing the Portugall prize, by whom he was accused, and for what; but now more dangerous matter and of greater weight is layd to his charge, and that by the same persons, namely, for words spoken by him to them, being in England, in

\* The deaths of two men in an encounter with the natives of the country.

the Generall's garden at Plymouth, long before our departure thence: which had been their parts and duties to have discovered than at that time, and not to have concealed them for a tyme and place not so fitting; but howsoever it was wherewith they charged him upon their oathes I know not, but he utterly denied it upon his salvation at the houre of communicating the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ, and at the houre and moment of his death, affirming that he was innocent of such things whereof he was accused, judged, and suffered death for. Of whom I must needs testifye the trueth, for the good thinges of God in him in the tyme we were conversant, and especially in the time of his afflictions and trouble, till he yielded up his spirit to God, I doubt not to immortality. He feared God, he loved his word, and was always desireous to eddify others and confirme himself in the face of Christ. For his quallities, in a man of his tyme they were rare, and his gift very excellent for his age, a sweet orator, a pregnant philosopher, a good gift for the Greeke tongue, and a reasonable taste of Hebrew: a sufficient secretary to a noble personage of great place, and in Ireland an approved soldier, and not behind many in the study of the law for his tyme; and that which is a sufficient argument to prove a good Christian, and of all other things a most manifest witness of a child of God to men, that he was delighted in the study, hearing, and practice of the Word of God, daily exercising himselfe herein by reading, meditating to himselfe, conferring with others, instructing of the ignorant as if he had been a minister of Christ, wherein he profited so much, that long before his death he seemed to be mortified and to be ravished with the desire of God's Kingdom: yea, to be dissolved and to be with Christ, in whose death so many virtues were cut off, as drops of blood were shed: who,

being dead, was buried near the sepulchre of those which went before him, upon whose graves I sett up a stone, whereon I engraved their names, the day of their buriall, the month and the yeare, for a monument to them, which shall fall with that place in tyme to come. Those things, with dropps of blood from the harts of some, thus ended, wee went about our other businesses and necessary affairs."

This looks very like murder, and none the less because accompanied by a show of legal form.

*Fourth.* We now come to a document of the greatest interest, apart from the flood of light it throws upon the tragedy at Port St. Julian. I refer to the narrative of John Cooke, who was on the *Elizabeth*. It has been said that the acrimony with which he tells the story of Drake's relations with Doughty deprives his evidence of value. I fail to see it. As to the acrimony, if Cooke believed that he had witnessed a long and malignant persecution, and finally a murder under legal form, of an innocent man, there is nothing in his language beyond natural indignation. In addition he himself had suffered from the harsh behaviour of Drake, he tells us.

On the 30th June, 1578, the crew were ordered ashore. Drake was seated, and next to him one John Thomas, who opened a bundle of papers. The trial commenced by Drake saying:—

"Thomas Doughty, you have here sought by divers means, inasmuch as you may, to discredit me, to the great hinderance and overthrow of this voyage, besydes other great matters where with I have to charge you withall, the which if you can clear yourself of, you and I shall be very good friends, whereto the contrary you have deserved death."

To which Doughty answered: "It should never be approv'd that he meryted any villainy towards him."

F. Drake. "By whom will you be tried?"

T. Doughty. "Why, good Generall, let me live to come into my country, and I will thence be tried by her Majesty's laws."

F. D. "Nay, Thos. Doughty, I will here impanel a jury on you to enquire farther of these matters that I have to charge you withall."

T. D. "Why, Generall, I hope you will see your commission to be good."

F. D. "I warrant you, my commission is good enough."

T. D. "I pray you let us see it then, it is necessary it should be here showed."

F. D. "Well, you shall not see it; but well, my masters, this fellow is full of prating, bynd me his armes, for I will be safe of my life. My masters, you that be my good friends, Thos. Hood, Gregory, you there my masters, bynd him."

Doughty was bound, and then Drake "gave divers furious words unto him, charging hym to be the man that poison'd my lorde Essex." And when Doughty avouched that he had brought Drake first to the presence of the Earl of Essex.

"Thou bring me to my lorde? Loe, my masters, see how he goeth about to discredit me: this fellow with my lord was never of any estimation, I thinke he never came about him: for I that was daily with my lorde, never saw hym there above once, and that was long after my entertainment with my lorde."

A jury was called, of which Captain John Wynter was foreman. Then John Thomas read over the charges.

It would be an abuse of quotations to read the collection of jottings called Documents referring to Mr. Doughty in

which the "charges" are contained. They are all vague or hearsay reports of things said, which ignorant muddle-headed men mistake for evidence. No evidence is supplied that he meant to return, or to create a mutiny, or to do any harm to Drake. They show him to have been at times a loose and boastful talker, but so were most of his contemporaries—and he bragged of his influence with Lord Burghley, and denied that his commander had power to inflict capital punishment. What must have been most offensive to Drake were the remarks attested by one witness after another, that Doughty claimed that it was by his influence that he [Drake] had been brought to the Queen and Council.

"alle whiche Dowghty did not greatly deny, untill at length cam in one Edward Bright, whose honeste of lyfe I have not to deal with, who sayde :

"Nay, Dowghtie, we have other maftar for yow yet that will a little nearer touch yow, it wyll, i' faythe, byte yow at the quicke."

"I pray thee, Ned Bright," quoth he, "chardge me with nothing but trewth, and spare me not."

Then John Thomas red fardar, for his last article, to conclude the whole with all, That Thomas Doughtye should say to Edward Bright in Master Drake's garden, that the Queenes Majesty and counsell should be corrupted. So Bryght holdinge up his finger, sayd :

"How lyke yow these gere, syrra?"

"Why, Ned Bryght," said Mastar Dowghtie, "what shud move thee thus to belye me? thou knowest that such famyliarte was never between thee and me, but it may be I sayde, yf we brought home gold we shud be the bettar welcome, but yet that is more than I do remember." After further talk, Doughty said that my lord Treasurer (Burghley) had a plan of the voyage.

"No, that he had not," quoth Drake. The other replied that he had.

"How?" quoth Drake. "He had it from me," quoth Doughty.

"Lo, my masters," quoth Drake, "what this fellowe hath done, God will have his trecheryes all knowne for her Majesty gave me speciall commandement that of all men my lord Treasurer shud not know it, but to se how his owne mouthe hathe betwrayed him!"

So this was a special article against him to cut his throat, and greatly he [Drake] seemed to rejoyce at this advantage.

Doughty then offered to set his hand to what was written, or anything else that he would set down, if Drake "would permit him to lyve and to answer thes objections in England."

"Well, once let thes men," quoth he, "find whether yow be guilty in thes or no, and then we will fardar talke of the mattar."

The jury took their oaths, and Drake handed to Wynter the "bills of indictment." Here Leonard Vicarye, a young lawyer from the Temple, and a friend of Doughty's said,

"Generall, this is not law, nor agreeable to justice that you offer."

"I have not to do with you crafty lawyers, neither care I for the lawe, but I know what I will do."

"Why," quoth Vicary, who was one of the jury, "I know not how we may answere hys lyffe."

"Well, Master Vicarye," quoth Drake, "you shall not have to do with his life, let me alone with that, you are but to see whether he be gyltie in these articles that is here set down to him or no."

"Why, very well," sayd Vicarye, "then there is, I trust, no matter of death."

"No, no, Mastar Vicarye," quoth Drake.

In modern parlance, the jury "now retired to consider their verdict," and "fyndinge all to be true," as Cooke says, though with some demur as to Ned Bright's evidence.

Thus having received the verdict, he rose from off his seat, and calling the company to follow him, went down to the shore, leaving the two Doughtys alone. He there opened a large bundle of papers, and read certain letters from Hawkins to the Earl of Essex, letters from Essex to Walsingham, in which he [Drake] was mentioned in terms of high commendation; then letters from Hatton asking Drake to take two of his men, John Thomas and John Brewer, on this voyage, and lastly he read a statement that the Queen had ventured a thousand crowns on the voyage. We may infer that Drake could not show a written commission, and we join Cooke in marvelling "that so many noble men and gentlemen did leave theyre lettars in his hands, excepte it were to shewe in this place for his credite."

So when he had all done, he sayd more, "My masters," quoth he, "you may see whether this fellowe hathe sowght my discredite or no, and what shud hereby be ment but the very overthrowe of the voyadge, as first by taking away of my good name, and altogether discrediting me, and then my lyfe, which I being then bereaved of, what then will *you* do; you will be fayne one to drink anothers blood, and so to return agayne unto your countrye. [But] you will never be able to find the way thithar, and now, my masters, consider what a great voyadge we are like to make, the lyke was never made out of England, for by the same, the worst in this flete shall become a gentleman, und yf this voyage go not forward, which I can not see how possible it



shud, if this man lyve, what a reproach it will be, not only unto owr contrye, but especially unto us, the very symplest here may consider of. Therefore, my masters, they that thinke this man worthy to dye, let them with one, hold upp their hands, and they that thinke hym not worthy to dye hold down their hands."

Is it any wonder that on such an appeal, a throng of brown hands went up, as the words left his lips.

"Whereupon resuming his former judgement seate "he pronounced hym the childe of deathe, and perswayded him withall that he would by thes means make hym the servant of God. And sayd, fardar, yf any man could betwene that and the next morrowe devyse any way that might save hys lyfe, he would here it, and wished hym hymselfe to devyse some waye for his owne savegarde."

"Well, Generall," quoth he, "seeinge it is come to this passe, that I se yow would have me made awaye, I pray yow cary me with you to the Perew and there set me ashore."

"No trewly, Mastar Dowghty, I cannot answer it to hir Majesty if I should so do. But how saye yow, Thos. Doughty, yf any man will warrant me to be safe from your hands, and will undertake to kepe yow, sure yow shall see what I will say unto yow."

"Mastar Dowghty then lokynge on Mastar Wynter, sayd unto him :

"Mastar Wynter, will yow be so good as to undertake this for me?"

Then Mastar Wynter said unto Mastar Drake, that he shuld be saffe of his person, and he would warrant hym yf he did comytt hym to his custodie.

Then Drake, a little pawsinge, sayd: "Loe, then, my masters, quoth he, "we must thus doe, we must nayle him close under the hatches and return home agayne, with-

oute makynge any voyage, and yf youw will do so, say your mindes." Then a companye of desperate banckwrouptes that could not lyve in their [own] countrie without the spoyle of that as others had gotten by the swete of their browes cryed, "God forbyde, good Generall," whiche voice was no less attentively herde, for there nedyd no spur to a willing horse. Thus wyllynge Mastar Dowghtie to prepare for his deathe, and havynge geven hym one whole day's respite to set all things in order, he ryse and departyed, alwayes promisinge that his continuall prayers to God should not cease, that it would please God to put into his heade how he myght do hym good.

But he had so often afore sworn that he wuld hange hym, that I think at this present [time] he ment to do hym little good.

Thus Mastar Dowghty, contynuing all this nyght, the next day, and the second nyght in his prayers, excepte some small tyme that he used in setting his worldly busyness in some staye, and distributinge to such as he thought good, such thinges as he then had with hym, was comanded to prepare hym selfe and to make hym readie to dye.

Then Mastar Dowghtye with a more cheerfull countenance then evar he had in all his lyfe to the showe, as one that dyd altogether contempne lyffe, prayed him that ere he dyed he might receive the sacrament, which was not only grauntyd him, but Drake hyme selfe offered to accompany hym to the Lord's table, for the which Mastar Dowghtie gave hym herty thanks, nevar once termynge hym [other] then "my good captayne."

Mastar Drake withall offered hym to make choyse of his owne deathe, as yf he would, and for that he sayd he was a gentleman he should but losse his heade; the whiche kinde of deathe was most agreeable to hys minde, in as much as he must needs dye.

But in fine, they together receyved the Lord's suppere, the whiche I do even assure myselfe, that he dyd take with as uncorruptyd a mynd as evar dyd any innocent of the worlde, for he sure shewed hym selfe to have all hys affiance and onely trust in God, [for] he shew'd him selfe so valiant in this extremetye as the worlde myght wonder at, he seemed to have conquered deathe it selfe, and it was not sene that of all thys day before his deathe, that evar he altered one jot his countenaunce, but kept it as stayde and firme as yf he had had some message to delivar to some noble man.

They havynge thus receyved the sacrament there was a banckett made suche as the place might yelde, and there they dyned together, in which tyme the place of execution being made readye, aftar dynnar, as one not willing any longer to delaye the time, [he] tolde the Generall that he was readye as sone as it pleased hym, but prayed him that he myght speake aloane with hym a few words, withe the whiche they two talked aparte the space of halfe a quarter of an howre, and then with bylls and staves he was brought to the place of execution, where he shewyd him selfe no less valyant then all the time afore; for first, here knelynge on his knees, he first prayed for the queene's Majesty of England his soveraigne lady and mastres, he then prayed to God for the happy success of the voyadge, and prayed to God to turn it to the profite of his countreye, he remembered also there dyvars his good friends, and especially Sir William Wynter, praying Mastar John Wynter to comend hym to that good knyght, all which he ded with so cherefull a countenaunce as yf he had gone to some great prepared banqwet, the whiche I sure thinke that he was fully resolved that God had provided for him.

So at the laste, turnynge to the Generall, he sayde :

"Nowe, truly, I may say, as did ser Thomas More, that

he that cuts off my heade shall have litle honestie, my necke is so shorte."

So turyng hym and lokynge aboute on the hole company, he desyred them all to forgyve hym, and especially some that he dyd perceyve to have displasure borne them for his sake, whereof Thomas Cuttle was one, Hugh Smythe was another, and dyvars others; whereupon Smythe prayed hym to say before the Generall then, whethar evar they had any conference together that myght sound to hys prejudice or detryment?

He toke it at his deathe, that neythar he nor anye man els evar practized any trechereye towards the Generall wyth hym, neyther dyd he himselfe evar thinke any villainous thought agaynst him. Then he prayed him to be good unto the same Hugh Smythe, and to forgive him for his sake. So the Generall sayd :

"Well, Smythe, for Mastar Dowghtie's sake, and at his request, I forgyve the, but by the lyfe of God," quoth he, "I was determined to have neyled thye ears to the pyllory, and to have cut them off; but become an honest man hereafter"

So then Master Dowghtie, imbrasyng the Generall, namynge him his good Capitaine, bad hym farewell, and so byddinge the hole company farewell, he layde his heade to the bloke, the which being stricken off, Drake moaste despyghtfully made the heade to be taken up and shewed to the hole company, hymselfe sayenge, "Loo, this is the end of traytors."

Such is the remarkable story told by John Cooke, which we must admit places the fate of the miserable man in a light which excites our sympathies for him, and our misgivings as to the humanity of Drake.

From this quotation it will be seen that Cooke views Drake as a tyrant and a murderer. His purpose is to tell the story

of Doughty. This he does with a fullness of detail and an explicitness which go far to establish his veracity in the mind of the reader. He was endowed with a wonderfully tenacious memory. He had the faculty not uncommonly met with either amongst unsophisticated minds, of repeating a conversation with accuracy. Above all, the various incidents seemed to have left deep impressions upon his mind.

For us the chief point to notice is, the vivid life-like touches with which each statement is enlivened. His tale has the "ring" of truth in it.

Ned Bright, holding up his finger, and chuckling over his silly cackle, "How like you this gear, sirra?" How convincing an incident. But it is the personality of Drake himself as he appeared to this poor fellow that is brought so strikingly before our eyes, not the stuffed effigy of Fuller, or the Pecksniffian caricature of the "World Encompassed," but Drake, truculent, choleric, with "his oathes which he at no time scanted," the masterful captain of a motley crew of seamen and adventurers!

But though Drake does thus appear a brutal bully, tyrannical, and overbearing, let us remember that he was wrought up to desperation. It was that cursed system of subordinating the sea officers and the seamen, to military men, or men of aristocratic birth with military training, which Drake had to contend with, and which it is one of the achievements of the Elizabethan seamen that they overthrew. The gentlemen adventurers formed a troublesome and unruly element enough, without a Doughty to foment discord and discontent among them. Whatever were Doughty's motives, whether mere jealousy of Drake's appointment to the supreme command, or whether acting as Lord Burghley's secret agent for the hindering of the voyage, it was clear to Drake's mind that an example must be made of him if the voyage was to be gone on with.

He knew that Doughty had influence and friends, hence he contrives that the execution shall appear as the act of a majority of the ship's companies. Doughty had been sent as "captain of the land forces," whatever that might be in effect, and took care to give out that his position and authority were equal to Drake's authority. But Francis Drake would not have been Francis Drake if he had recognised a divided authority! It was necessary that there should be but one authority, and by the execution of Doughty he established that beyond dispute, and overawed the restless gentleman-adventurer element. Of course "it was not an amiable action." But the event proved Drake to be right. From that time his reputation as a disciplinarian was unrivalled. "I will have the gentleman to haul and draw with the mariner," he said, and the gentlemen had to do it.

As for Doughty himself, we need not look upon him as the suffering saint and persecuted innocent of the chaplain's story. That curious piece of work belongs to the literature of eulogy, the fulsome epitaph, which our forefathers thought so peculiarly calculated to edify, instruct, and reprove. Cooke's narrative shows that he died as the men of his time usually did, when they saw the game was up, not without making a show of courage, and resolution, and even with a jest. He was a victim to the toils and meshes of intricate policy. It was an age of intrigue, plot and counterplot.

But Drake was something else than the tyrannical and revengeful man which he appeared to John Cooke. He was aiming at something of higher value than the treasures of Spain. He had a great lesson to teach his country, and Doughty had stood in the way of that great lesson, and therefore Doughty must be removed. That was all. A man of unconquerable will, he possessed, in a special

degree the power, essential to the man of action, of always knowing *what* to do, and *when* to do it.

England's debt to Drake and his fellows cannot be measured.

The more we study the history of Elizabeth's reign, the more we stand in amazement at the peril to which the country was repeatedly brought by the wayward and inconsistent acts of the sovereign and the fumbling policy of her statesmen, from which the courage of the "sea-dogs" alone rescued it.

They left us a kingdom none can take,  
The realm of the circling sea,  
To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake  
And the Rodneys yet to be.





## “CHESTNUTS.”

By W. R. CREDLAND.

A GENTLE and lovable friend of mine, gracious and genial withal, a warm appreciator of the witty jest and humorous story, and thereof himself a raconteur of irresistible charm and infinite variety, has the delicate fancy of carrying in the waistcoat pocket a dried and wrinkled specimen of the fruit of one of our finest forest trees. It is a withered chestnut, “beated and lined with tanned antiquity,” and whenever he hears a “new” story, it is his habit to take this chestnut tenderly from its resting place, gaze thereon pensively for a moment as it reposes in his open palm, and then slowly replace it. The fruit and the action are symbolical; a mildly reproachful reproof is suggested rather than expressed, with somewhat too of genial sadness, so that you feel, if you outrage the susceptibilities of your hearer unwittingly, that there will be ready and kindly forgiveness.

So deeply bedded in our bones has become the habit of “swapping stories” that we laugh heartily ere the jest is finished, and never realise, unless in an unwary moment we ponder over the matter in cold blood, how automatic the laughter has been. Then it is that the dust of endless ages, blown lightly aside for a moment, settles once more upon the virgin freshness of the story heard but yesterday, and the wisdom of him who said that the happiness of a jest lies in the ear of him who hears it, is made manifest.



For, as a rule, the novelty of a "good thing" is not enhanced by cross-examination; its brightness, in sooth, rapidly fades, it shrinks, hesitates and stammers, and soon you discover it to be a variation, masquerading in guise so modern and natural as to deceive the very elect, of some joke coeval with the spring-time of the world. There is nothing whatever, unless it be love and whist—as Sarah Battle would have us believe—in which the "rigour of the game," and the time, the place, and the company are so essential to perfect happiness, as in the pleasant exchange of joyous anecdotes. When the ideal conditions are established, the soul is attuned to receive, and does mightily enjoy, whatever is presented, the demons of question and doubt are put to rest, and it is only on the morrow that we become analytical.

There are nine-and-ninety ways of writing tribal lays, Mr. Rudyard Kipling asserts, and the not less humorous Mark Twain, in a philosophic excursus into the allied domain of the joke, with the object of discovering its origin and habitat, finds that all our vast wealth of good stories may be reduced to an aboriginal nine. This is a severe limitation, unless the humorist thereby intended a sly hit at the Nine Muses, from whom all the world's literature, jokes included, might easily have emanated. The jocose author of a work frequently fathered on the serious-minded Hierocles, who flourished as a neoplatonic philosopher some time in the fifth century, was more generous than this, for after much painful research into the bona-fides of the jokes of his period, he admitted twenty-one to the honour of originality. Somewhat later another curious inquirer increased the number of good stories to thirty-eight, but he disturbs our faith in him by insinuating that thirty-seven of them could not be told before ladies. In any case, there is here a happy hunting

ground for those entertaining people, the folklorists, who have taken our household tales and traced them all to a few types which they style story-radicals. There is hardly anything on earth more conservative than a story-radical. However much the dear little story may turn and twist and try to persuade you that it is quite original, it is all to no purpose. The ruthless folklorist takes it by the throat, strips it of its finery, and you behold the blushing story-radical in all its nakedness. Why should he not play the same hilarious game with the anecdote and the joke? Something of the kind has been attempted, notably, in W. C. Hazlitt's "Studies in Jocular Literature," but wit and humour are more volatile and elusive than the fairy tale, and they have, as yet, successfully evaded scientific classification.

Britain's Solomon, King James the First, is credited with the saying that he was a bold man who ate the first oyster. That pioneer's name was not recorded even on the Pyramids, and the name of the first joker is equally shrouded in mystery, though it is to the hieroglyphics of Egypt that we are indebted for the preservation of the earliest specimen of humour. The caricaturist was amusing his fellow-creatures long before the writer vied with him, and he holds his own triumphantly to-day. Yet such jests of the ancients as have come down to us are but indifferent fun. Those Pre-raphaelites in the art of humour seem to have had a Scotch strain in their composition for they "jok'd wi' deafeculty." That we have lost the standard by which they should be judged may be the cause of our inability to appreciate them. They have left us, however, the broad lines on which a classification of jocularities may be attempted. These are—the Riddle, the Epigram, the Apologue or Tale, the Repartee, the Quibble and the Pun.

Instances of the apologue and the riddle occur in the Bible, and later the Greeks, in the "Deipnosophistae" and the "Hetairae," left us some grains of heterodox Attic salt. Their savour has woefully oozed out now, and it is difficult to select a sample retaining anything resembling the true flavour. The reply of the lady to whom an admirer sent a cask of wine commending its age at the same time, that it was "very small for its age," still appeals to us, but this is exceptional.

Many of the facetiae ascribed to the Greek Hierocles consist of the sayings and doings of simpletons. This form of popular story has ever been widely prevalent in the East, and most of the Greek variants are migrants from India. They are also the indirect originals of some of the bulls and blunders we now father upon Irishmen or Highlanders. From them came also the delectable stories relating the deeds of the wise men of Gotham, and the vagaries of the innumerable silly sons and noodles which still rouse the laughter of German and Russ so uproariously. These stories of Hierocles excellently illustrate the vitality of the joke, and the impossibility of saying good things except in some fresh way. We read, for instance, of the man who was asked by a friend to buy him two slave boys of fifteen years each, and who inquired whether if he could not find such a pair "would one of thirty do?" A similar idea constitutes the humour in a saying attributed to Douglas Jerrold, who regretted that a wife of forty could not, like a bank note for that amount, be exchanged for two twenties. There is, too, the tale of how three men, a fool, a bald man, and a barber, making a journey in company, agreed to watch in turn during the night. It was the barber's watch first, and to pass the time he propped up the sleeping noodle, shaved his head, and when his time for watching came, awoke him. Feeling

his head bare, he cried: "What a fool this barber is, for he has roused the bald man instead of me!" The thousand years later variant of this story is told of a Highlander, raw from his native heath, who put up at an inn in Perth, and was obliged to share his bed with a negro. Some coffee-room jokers stole upstairs in the night and blacked his face. Very early in the morning he was aroused, got up, and seeing his face in the glass, shouted in a rage, "Hoots! the silly body has waukined the wrang man." Jokelets such as that concerning the horse, cleverly trained by its owner to live on one straw a day, dying, however, just when the trick was perfected, and which we now allot to an old wife and her cow; that of the man who carried about a brick as a specimen of the house he had to sell; of the wise scholar who read that ravens sometimes lived a hundred years, and bought one to test the truth of the statement; and of the man who stuffed a jar with feathers so that he might have a soft pillow, now appropriated to an Irishman who was persuaded that, having slept on one feather, he had indulged in a feather bed, are all told by the jolly old author of the "Asteia," the book attributed to Hierocles. Hierocles, however, has probably no claim to have his name linked with the "Asteia." The author, rather, is unknown, and being nameless, deserves our thanks. We shall laugh again and again at his stories in some other form, and so will our posterity to the end of time.

That the modern adapter has frequently improved on the original suggestion must be admitted. In the Greek "Anthologia" occurs this epigram:—

A Blockhead, bit by fleas, put out the light,  
And chuckling cried, "Now you can't see to bite!"

On the well-established principle in anecdote of

"piling-on" the interest, this ancient wheeze has been transformed into a really good story, as thus:—

Two Irishmen in the West Indies, being sorely pestered with mosquitoes, kept their light burning in hopes of scaring them off, but finding this did not answer, one suggested that they should extinguish the light, and thus puzzle their tormentors to find them, which was done. Presently the other, observing the light of a firefly in the room, called his bedfellow: "Arrah, Mike, sure your plan's no good, for bedad, here's one of them looking for us wid a lantern."

To one of the best of the old Greek stories, there must be modern parallels, but we do not recall any at the moment. Here is the story:

The father of a man of Cumæ having died at Alexandria, the son dutifully took the body to the embalmers. When he returned at the appointed time to fetch it away, there happened to be a number of bodies in the same place, so he was asked if his father had any peculiarity by which his body might be recognised, and the youth after thoughtful pondering replied, "He had a cough."

English jocular literature, excluding Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," does not date earlier than the fifteenth century. The first and still the most curious and interesting among the "monstrous regiment" of jest books which our Press has created, are the "Hundred Merry Tales" and the "Merry Tales and Quick Answers" printed in the days of Bluff King Hal. Into these were gathered stories which for ages had been the current coin of oral tradition throughout Europe. Many of these jests are of the kind unrelated now, but they are valuable beyond estimation for the light they throw on the language and life of the people during the Middle Ages, and on the migration of ideas and modes of thought from one country

to another. Next followed the "Merry Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham," current in manuscript in the reign of Henry VI., and first printed about 1560. It was a favourite device of the old tellers of noodle stories to locate them in some place famous for the silliness of its inhabitants. Gotham, assumed to be in Nottinghamshire, was one of these thrice happy localities, and its merry mad men were a delightful crew. One of their remarkable exploits, sometimes yet remembered with a smile, was their endeavour to cage a cuckoo. The old chronicle thus relates the tale:—

On a time the men of Gotham would have pinned in the cuckoo, whereby she should sing all the year, and in the midst of the town they made a hedge round in compass, and they had got a cuckoo and put her into it, and said, "Sing here all the yeare, and thou shalt lack neither meat nor drink." The cuckoo, as soon as she perceived herself encompassed within the hedge, flew away. "A vengeance on her!" said they. "We made not our hedge high enough."

It was some of these wise men who went a-fishing and lamented that one of their number was drowned, because when they counted up each man forgot to count himself; it was one of them who, when he would go courting, was advised by his mother to cast sheep's eyes at the girl, and did so literally; it was they who drowned an eel, who raked a pond to secure a green cheese (the moon), which they saw beneath the water; it was they who discovered an egg in a mare's nest, and performed a hundred more equally mad pranks. These things are generally done in our time by Irishmen. It was an Hibernian who could not count the pigs because one would run about, who shook the patient before administering the medicine because it said on the bottle "to be well shaken before taken," and who

gave his hens hot water to make them lay boiled eggs. "Merry Andrew" Borde was long believed to have compiled the *Gotham Tales*, but his authorship has been shown to be impossible by Mr. W. A. Clouston in his "*Book of Noodles*." He may have had a hand in some of the other facetiæ reprinted by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt in his remarkable collection of this literature entitled by him "*Shakespeare Jest Books*," for Borde was a jovial soul, and the cause of much mirth in others.

From these old jest-books to the days of Joe Miller there is a considerable lapse of time, with but slight compensation in interest or brilliancy. The original "*Joe Miller's Jests*" was published as a shilling pamphlet in 1739. It has become one of those rarities much desired by the "curious." Honest Joe Miller, the comedian, was not the author of his jest-book, his name having been impudently appropriated by a Grub Street compiler. He would have blushed at the poverty of some of the jests and the coarseness of others. Yet the collection is undeniably interesting, because it includes authentic anecdotes of a number of men whose names live in literature and history. All that is best in "Joe" is preserved by Mark Lemon in his "*Jest Book*" forming one of the pretty little "*Golden Treasury Series*." Therein figure, in addition, the wits and humorists of a later and brighter era, Sheridan and Matthews, Sydney Smith and Douglas Jerrold, and many another whose joyous sayings have increased the gaiety of nations.

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## THE HAVEN UNDER THE HILL.

By TINSLEY PRATT.

THE Yorkshire Esk rises on Farndale Moor. For some miles it is only a little whispering streamlet of no particular consequence, and there are numerous other becks in its neighbourhood. But, below Glaisdale, where Esk knows the shelter of steep banks and ancient woods she enters upon her full glory. Now the larch woods of Arncliffe look down upon her deep pools where the salmon leap, and the fisher tells of goodly sport and well-filled creels; now her whispering shallows carry her waters seaward with that soft music which belongs to rippling streams. The desolation of the moorland is forgotten, and, reaching the grey bridge at Sleights, she wanders awhile by green pastures and pours her flood into the still reaches of Ruswarp dam.

Some of the place-names which still cling about this eastern seaboard, and the moorlands near by, recall the fact that the Norse vikings often ravaged in this part of the country. Goathland, a moorland place near Whitby, is a name clearly derived from Gothland, a district of Sweden, which leads one to speculate that in the days when Whitby was known by the Saxon name of Streoneshalh these moorland places were doubtless often the scenes of fierce conflicts when man was ever at war with man. But if the moorland hides many a dark story which is still untold, what varying changes of fortune the



river might tell of if we could but get at the heart of her mystery. For Esk, rising in the bleak moorlands, and flowing by woods of pine and alder, and fair pastures, and tangled thickets, has lost her ancient heritage and her glories have departed from her. But she is beauteous still in these days of her adversity; and if she now fails to send forth great ships upon her tideway she still preserves shy haunts for the disport of Sabrina and her nymphs. Below Ruswarp the river is tidal, and one soon comes upon the deserted shipbuilding yard, and the bare poles where the ships used to lie in the building stand up gaunt and desolate against the sky. Probably few visitors to Whitby in these days of its decline ever trouble their heads about the various changes of fortune which have passed over the quaint old town. Yet the different phases of its history are full of interest both to the antiquary and the student of national commerce, while the record is by no means devoid of a certain pathos from the fact that what was formerly one of the busiest centres of shipping and shipbuilding in the kingdom should have so far declined from its greatness. Time was when great steel ships were built here, but for these two years past the yard has been closed, and now the pathways are overgrown with grass and weeds and the busy sound of the shipwright's hammer is heard no more. So, too, the alum and jet industries are things of the past, and to-day nought remains to the little haven-town but its fishing and the lingering glory of its old-time prosperity.

Now to thoroughly appreciate the romance and mystery of the place it is necessary to take a rapid survey of its history from very early times and to watch its gradual evolution until it became one of the busiest seaports of the country, while its trading ships were known in many of the chief harbours of the world.

The Monastery of Streoneshalh, from which arose Whitby Abbey, was founded in 658 by Oswy, King of Northumbria, in fulfilment of a vow. Oswy vowed that if God granted him the victory over Penda, the Pagan King of Mercia, he would devote his daughter, Elfreda, to the service of the Church, and would give with her twelve manors for the founding of monasteries. Accordingly one was built at Streoneshalh, that being Crown land, and dedicated to St. Peter. The Lady Hilda, descended from the Kings of Deira, was the first abbess. In 658 she, with the young Princess Elfreda and ten more nuns from Hartlepool, took up their residence in the Abbey. Hilda, who was a disciple of St. Aiden, ruled over the Abbey for thirty-three years. She was born at the court of Cerdic, King of the Britons, 25th August, 614, and died within the Abbey of Streoneshalh 15th November, 680, having devoted precisely half of her lifetime to monastic work. Though the Abbey was first intended for nuns only, after a while a number of Benedictine monks were admitted, chiefly to control the somewhat autocratic power of the Lady Abbess. To the period of Hilda's rule belongs the rise of Cædmon, the inspired herdsman, from whose lips came the first great English song. He lived in the secular habit until well advanced in years. He was little acquainted with letters, and appears to have served as an attendant upon the monks. Sleeping one day by his horses a stranger appeared in a vision to Cædmon, saying: "Cædmon, sing me a song!" He replied: "I cannot sing!" whereupon the stranger repeated his request. "What shall I sing?" asked the herdsman. "Sing the beginning of creatures," replied the other. Then Cædmon, inspired with a genius beyond his control, began to sing verses to the praise of God, the purport of which was somewhat as follows:—

"We are now to praise the Almighty Maker of the Heavenly Kingdom, to extol the power and wisdom of the Creator, and to proclaim the noble acts of the Father of Glory: how He, being the Eternal God, became the author of all miracles; and first, as the omnipotent preserver of the human race, formed heaven for the sons of men, as the canopy or roof of their house . . . ." and other praise of a like nature. Such is the version of the song given by the Venerable Bede.

Awaking from his sleep Cædmon perfectly remembered all the hymn he had sung in his dream. In the morning he came before the Prior and gave him an account of the gift he had received. The Prior carried him before the Abbess, and she ordered him to tell his dream anew before the monks and nuns, and to repeat the hymn. This Cædmon did, and it was the opinion of those who heard him that he had indeed received a divine grace from heaven. Then they expounded to him some passages from the Scriptures, desiring him to put these into verse, and in this he was so successful that he was at length prevailed on to forsake the secular habit and become a monk. We hear little of the Abbey of Streoneshalh after the death of Hilda for nearly two hundred years.

In the meantime the Danes had made one of their earliest attacks upon the Northumbrian seaboard, when in 794 they landed at Lindisfarne, and having sacked the monastery, slain the monks and fired the building, they put to sea again with their booty. A year later they followed the same course at Jarrow, but, falling in with King Ethelred, they were somewhat roughly handled, and fled to their ships, leaving their treasure behind. In the years that followed they made frequent descents upon the coast. On one of these occasions a Norse viking, named Ragnar Lodbrog, fell into the hands of Ella, a prince of

Northumbria, by whom he was tortured and slain, when at his death he sang that strange wild song of which history has preserved the record. When his sons, Ingar and Hubba, heard of his death they swore to avenge their father. Having collected a great fleet of warships they sailed for England in the spring of the year 867. The fleet was divided into two portions; the first, under Hubba, landed at Dunsley Bay (now called Sandsend), two miles north of Streoneshalh; the second, under the command of Ingar, landed at Peak, where they raised their standard bearing the design of a raven. This place lay about eight miles south of Streoneshalh, and is near the place now known as Ravenscar. Nothing delighted the Norsemen more than to plunder and burn the religious houses, and this horde of warriors at once advanced upon the Abbey of St. Hilda. What could the poor monks and nuns do against this overpowering force? Upon the first news of the landing the Abbot Titus and some of the monks fled with the relics of St. Hilda to a place of safety. Those that remained, monks and nuns, were maltreated and afterwards slain. The Abbey was plundered and burned, as also was the little town which surrounded it, and the whole place lay in ruins until after the Norman Conquest, when the abbey was restored and a few dwellings sprang up around its neighbourhood.

With the coming of the Normans the old Saxon name of Streoneshalh was lost, and the place now became known as Whitebay or Whitby.

Coming to later times we find that in 1540 the town consisted of from thirty to forty houses; with not more than two hundred inhabitants, and possessing two or three trading ships. But, towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, a discovery was made of vast importance to Whitby, which at once raised it from obscurity. This was the

finding that the coast abounded with alum rock. A local landowner, one Thomas Chaloner (afterwards Sir Thomas), of Guisborough, happened to be travelling in Italy, and visited amongst other places, the Pope's alum-works, near Rome. It was the only alum-works in Europe, and His Holiness derived considerable profits therefrom. Now this observant Mr. Chaloner was of opinion that there was a mineral of a like kind to be found in the neighbourhood of Whitby. He was, however, entirely without knowledge of the process of alum-making, and it was obvious that he must have skilled workmen to assist him if he was to achieve any measure of success, and where better could he find them than in the Pope's own works? Accordingly with promises of very heavy rewards he at length prevailed on two or three of the workmen to accompany him back to England. But as the discovery of his design would have cost the enterprising Yorkshireman his life he had the men put up in large casks and in this manner carried secretly aboard a ship then ready to sail for England. When His Holiness discovered the trick that had been played upon him he launched his curses upon Mr. Chaloner and his associates in good set terms—which may still be read in detail in the history-books. However, the work was commenced at Guisborough, and was so successful that in 1600 a competitor arose in the neighbourhood, and from both works very considerable profits were derived. Then in 1615 yet another works was started at Sandsend, which led the way to many others being erected along the coast. As coals—till then little known—were required for alum-making the fishermen were employed continually in fetching them from Newcastle and Sunderland. They next ventured themselves as far as London with cargoes of alum. Till then, it is said, no skipper had ever gone so far as London, without

first making his will, as it was considered very doubtful whether he would return.

So the prosperity of the little town increased year by year. When Charles II. was restored the town numbered about three thousand inhabitants, and had about thirty trading ships. In 1690 it had added another thousand to its population and its fleet consisted of sixty ships of eighty tons burden and upwards. In 1734 it possessed one hundred and thirty vessels; and in that year three dry docks were built on the east side of the river. The year 1753 saw two large ships fitted out for the Greenland Whale Fishery, which were so successful that two more accompanied them in 1755. Within ten years one of these vessels brought home sixty-five large fish. Twenty-three years later there were fifteen ships going regularly to Davis's Straits and the Greenland seas. In 1778 the Whitby trading fleet had increased to two hundred and fifty ships. The town at that time could boast of four factories for the making of sail-cloth, employing from seven to eight hundred spinners and weavers. These factories produced about five thousand yards of canvas weekly, a large proportion of which was disposed of to the Government for the use of the Navy. Whitby was also an important shipbuilding centre. The master shipbuilders worked in the yards along with their men from five in the morning till seven in the evening. There were usually a dozen ships on the stocks at one time, and about twenty-five were launched annually. Some of these were of six hundred tons burden.

Of the two hundred and fifty ships belonging to this port in 1778 the greater number were employed in the coal trade; some four or five went yearly to Archangel, Onega, and other ports on the White Sea; several went to the Mediterranean, to France and to Holland, to the West

Indies, and to America. In those days it may be truly said that the mariners of the Esk river went down to the sea in ships and did business in great waters. The Whitby men knew well every cliff, and nab, and sheltered bay from the Tyne to Wapping. They had the monopoly of the Greenland whale fishery; and their blunt-bowed trading-ships were familiar sights in every port along the shores of the Baltic. Whitby shipowners and shipbuilders were men of great prosperity, and the whaling, both on the high seas and ashore, found employment for vast numbers of the townsfolk. To Whitby came the great navigator, James Cook, when a boy in his teens. He had fled from a hard master to whom he was apprenticed at Staithes, who conducted a general store hard by the sign of the *Cod and Lobster*, under the shelter of Coburn Nab. James had haply heard the talk of the fishermen as they gathered about the Staithe of a warm evening, and had drunk deep of their stories of the wild North Sea. Therefore to Whitby he came and shipped as apprentice aboard a collier; and he served his new master well, and sailed again and yet again from the little red-roofed haven under the hill, until finally he rose to be skipper. Then, in after years, when he had cut a pretty considerable figure in the pages of history, he must needs have a Whitby-built ship to sail on his second voyage to the Southern seas. A noble "three-decker" was the *Resolution*, and what a shouting there must have been along the Whitby Staithes that day when the great vessel shook out her canvas and cleared the harbour bar! It may be noted in passing that Mr. W. W. Jacobs has laid the scene of "The Lost Ship" at Whitby, under the name of Tetby, that the little haven has supplied the background of Mrs. Gaskell's "Sylvia's Lovers," while Miss Linskill's tales of the North Riding are well known.

So might a garrulous lover run on in praise of the

departed glories of the Yorkshire Esk. For Whitby town and its neighbourhood is rich in historic interest, and as its buildings and external features, particularly on the east side of the river, have changed but little in the course of a hundred years one may easily picture the place as it appeared in the days of its prosperity. But the glories of the river remain, and the breezy moorlands and the deep woods of Larpool. The idler may therefore rejoice that there is still this blessed haven of rest beneath the shelter of the sandy cliffs, where Hilda's Abbey, in its ruin, looks yet upon the Northern Sea.





